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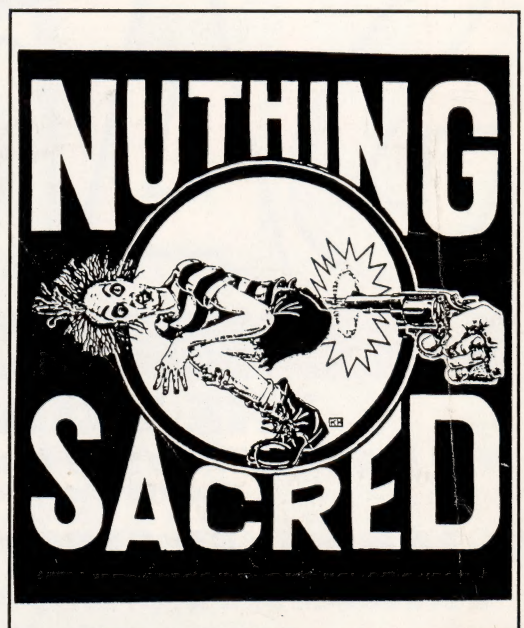
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# editorial...



HEY MAN -

IT'S 4 A.M. - I JUST FINISHED CLEANING UP THE LAYOUTS FOR THEIR JOURNEY TO THE PRINTER. WRITING THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT TO TOP OFF A MOTHERFUCKER OF AN ISSUE OF NUTHING SACRED. I'M VERY PROUD - THIS IS THE ISSUE I'VE BEEN BUILDING TOWARD FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS. FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, IT FEELS COMPLETE...

THE IRONY IS THAT THIS ISH IS COMING OUT OF THE SHITTIEST SIX MONTHS OF MY LIFE, TOTAL WHAT-ARE-YOU-DOING-WITH-YOUR-LIFE DEPRESSION. QUESTIONING MY ABILITIES, MY LIFE CHOICES, NOT

SEEING MUCH OF A POINT TO ANYTHING. YEAH, I'D HAD THOSE CRUSHING MOMENTS OF DOUBT BEFORE, BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME NOTHING I DID - WRITING, ACID, ROAD TRIPS - HELPED ME GET PAST IT. I FELT LIKE I'D LOST SOMETHING ESSENTIAL INSIDE OF ME. IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS QUESTIONING, THE ROAD LED INEXORABLY BACK TO THE ZINE. I'D SPENT SO MUCH TIME WONDERING WHAT MY PATH IN LIFE WAS GOING TO BE, YET I'D BEEN ON THE RIGHT TRACK ALL ALONG AND WITH A VENGEANCE. NUTHING SACRED PUSHES ME. EACH ISSUE IS A GAUNTLET DROPPED - TO MAKE EACH ISSUE BETTER THAN THE LAST, TO REALLY DIG DOWN DEEP AND THROW SOMETHING FROM MY GUT ONTO THAT PAGE. GETTING THE WORK DONE. AND OF COURSE, THE PROCESS IS THE PRIZE...

I AM ALSO VERY FORTUNATE TO HAVE AMAZING FAMILY AND FRIENDS ON THIS TRIP WITH ME. THEY ARE AS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BEAST AS I AM - FIRST OF ALL, MY MOTHER + FATHER, FOR LIFE, FOR BELIEVING, AND FOR TEACHING ME THAT I CAN ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING I PUT MY MIND TOO... ALWAYS, TO CAP'N TOTALLY, DREW, TANYA, SMITTY, BILL, DAVID AND BRIAN FOR TEACHING ME NEW THINGS ABOUT FRIENDSHIP, AND FOR THROWING ME A LIFE RAFT WHEN I NEEDED IT... TO SUSAN + ROB FOR GOING THAT EXTRA MILE ON THE LAYOUTS... TO JOSH AND MARK WHO WERE NEVER AFRAID TO JUMP INTO THE BEEHIVE... TO CHRIS AND PETE FOR INNUMERABLE CRASH NIGHTS ON THEIR COUCH... SPECIAL THANKS TO MY FRIEND GARTH GRINDE, WHO HAS GONE TO BAT FOR NUTHING SACRED AND ME PERSONALLY TIME AND TIME AGAIN...

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THEM, AND TO ALL OF YOU WHO CONTINUE TO PLAY YOUR OWN GAME...

TO THE BONE - Jay







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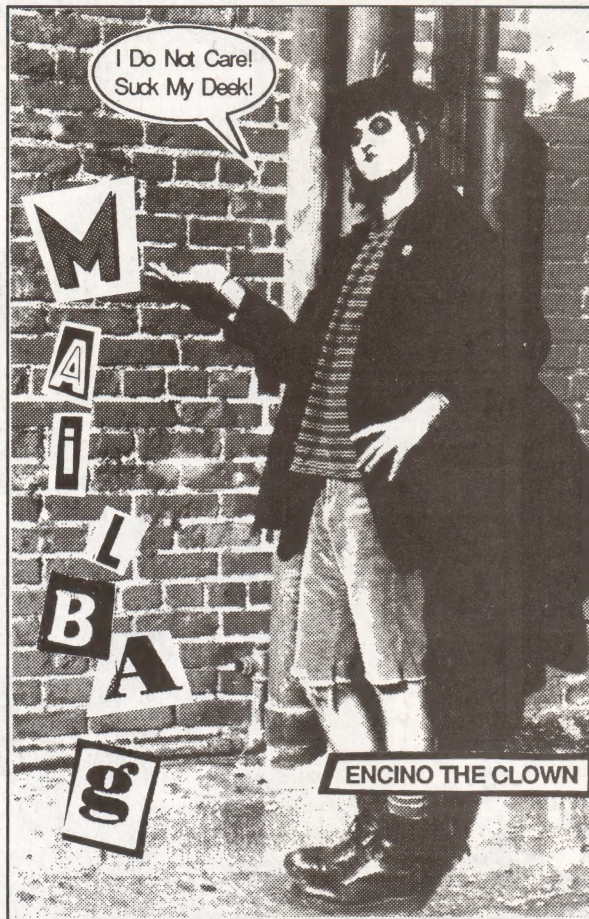
## NUTHING SACRED #7

Hey Jay What's Up.

Thanks for issue #6, it's cool as fuck. GG has always been the greatest true rock 'n roll king, ain't nobody gonna ever be able to change that. Dead or alive, GG is the highest power. I respect Trudell (**John Trudell, Indian activist / musician / poet interviewed in issue 6 - Jay**) for the shit he has survived through, but his interview was boring.

Now this issue #7 is really good. Annie Sprinkle is truly a goddess. I'd love to massage her asshole and cunt with my tongue. I ain't bullshitting either, of course I'd do the same thing for Lisa Suckdog. And I'd eat either of them anytime on the rag or off. I'd love to lick Annie's menstrual blood off any part of her body. To tell you the truth, I already jacked off a few times thinking of both of them. And this ain't just what being in prison has done to me cause I eat bloody cunt and lick chick's assholes on the street.

The people at Zendik Farm got some right on attitudes and ways of life. Although I disagree with what Wulf says about anarchy, Jesus, and that people need a government. Government is evil. It is a few people making laws and rules and forcing other people to obey them under threat of punishment, all the while government lives like high rollers off the people they are ruling. Second, Jesus was not a failure. That is Wulf's personal opinion. It is obvious he doesn't fully understand what Jesus was all about and what his life and death really accomplished. That's all I'll say of that cause religion is more or less a subject that people have to come to grips with for themselves. Arguing about it causes nothing but divisions and bloodshed. And as for "anarchy and your individual right", it is not bullshit, it is freedom. Anarchy is the true natural order of the earth.



All Beefs, Bitches, and Fulsome Praise to:  
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Every individual (human, animal, insects, etc) has the right to live anyway they choose in the natural order. As long as they harm no one else, they are free to live as they want. Just respect each other and the earth. No one can make rules and laws for anyone else, it is unnatural and evil. If you kill to eat, give thanks to the spirit of what you kill.

You asked me to tell you more about myself..I look like a fuckin freak, long hair, tattoos, piercings, vegetarian. I love hemp, smoking

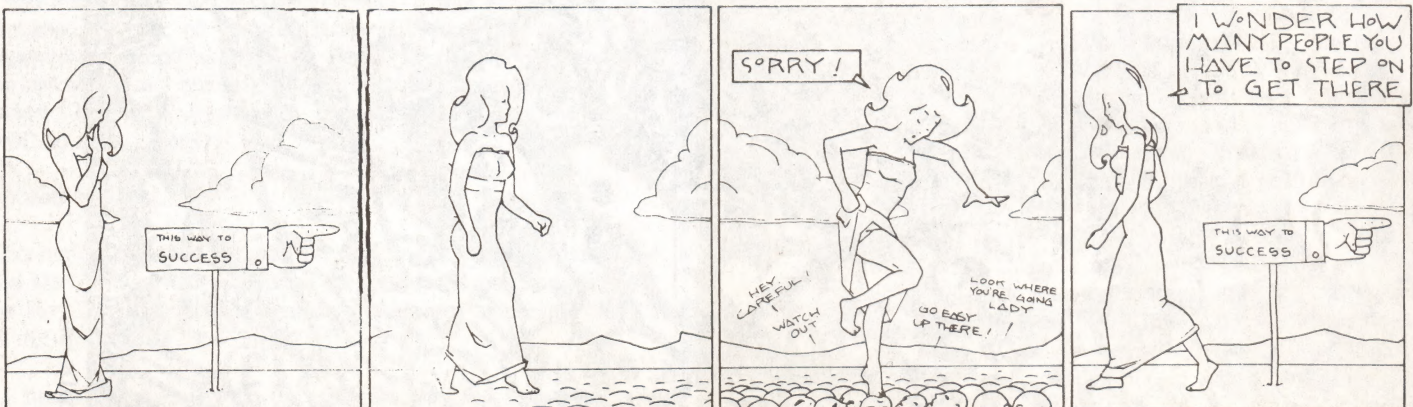
it, eating it, planting it, etc. It's great and it's good for you. I also like mushrooms, peyote and acid. I don't mess with pills or powder anymore. But right about now I'd do anything, even sniff some glue. Cause after 8 months of being in the hole, my mind will take any escape route. I see your into acid hey? It's great. If you ever feel like it you can put a hit under a stamp on an envelope and mail it to me. Just put a bogus name for the return address instead of your own. It's been done before, and to my knowledge no one has ever been busted this way. So if ya want, give it a shot. It sure would be nice.

Life inside? Totally fucked up. I get along cool with most of the prisoners, no one fucks with me but the pigs. Wisconsin prisons are mellow compared to other states, like I sure as fuck wouldn't want to do no time in San Quentin, Huntsville, and a few others cause from what I hear they are pretty rough. I take or give an ass whippin but what ya gonna do when your confronted by a whole gang? I get along with all races, gangs, etc. Cause they know what I stand for and see that I won't never snitch and will fight the pig system no matter what.

The pigs are really fucked, man. When I first got to this prison, they confiscated all my books and zines cause they are about anarchism, hemp, and other anti-pig stuff. So like at that time I had just started corresponding with Noam Chomsky and I wrote him and told him what was going on with the anarchists and all and he wrote to the warden and within three weeks I got all my stuff back. A few pigs were pissed off about it and went to the extreme to find ways to fuck with me. So since '92 I been getting conduct reports and lots of hole time. They call it "unauthorized forms of communication", "disobeying orders" and even "threats". Then they fuck with me for other shit as well. It seems all the other anarchists, jailhouse lawyers and

## LUNATIC OPERA

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revolutionaries are fucked with constantly and given long hole sentences. Yet fights, sexual assaults, and other violent acts usually get no more than a few days in the hole.

I believe by the end of February I will be shipped to a Maximum security prison. This place is supposed to be medium security but it's worse than any max in Wisconsin. A couple of weeks ago one prisoner strangled another prisoner to death over a pack of cigarettes. Last March a dude in the hole hung himself as the guards videotaped the whole incident. They didn't even go in the cell to try to stop him. Since I been in the hole at least 6 or 7 people have slashed open their wrists, one dude even slashed open his stomach (180 stitches worth), one dude ripped open his wrist with his own teeth. All kinds of crazy shit goes on. The security director and a few other pigs took one prisoner and had the prison doctor molest him, twice. It's a long story, but they falsified papers and everything. They would stay in the room and watch as the doctor would shove his fingers up the dude's ass while 2 pigs held him down.

Basically how I spend my time is reading, writing, exercising. The part of the GG interview where he says he is sitting in his cell planning his attack on the system for when he gets out was exactly how I am always feeling. I am not a violent person but I could easily kill any pig from the president to business men to cops. But that's not my plan, altho it could easily fit in. My plan more or less is to turn as many people on to anarchism and to help them see what the pig system is really all about and what they can do and have to do to stop it.

The worst part of prison is boredom. I like to get out, move around, go to shows, to parks, wilderness, bars, explore all places. Here it's like I'm dead. Actually, buried alive. Ever since I was a little kid I been in and out of trouble with the pigs. I spent some time in the state boys reformatory, I was in a few alcohol and drug hospitals, a couple of nut houses, and I did some time in prison prior to this time. For burglary and retail theft. I made a lot of fucked up mistakes. The main mistakes have been breaking into places and stealing shit. But I've come to realize that my stealing is the fault of capitalism and the pig system. They actually get you addicted to money and material items from birth -

school - work - to death. I let them fuck me up by letting myself get addicted to their materialism. But in all reality, I don't see how the pig system can take from the earth for free and then sell the shit to others. They will torture, murder whatever people oppose their greed, from third world peoples, Native Americans, etc. Then they steal from the land by strip mining and raping the earth, and then they sell the shit to us by making us work in their factories for slave wages. The only people I see in prison are poor people. I don't see no embezzlers, politicians, or white collar criminals. If on a rare occasion they do get any prison time it is spent on a resort not in a prison.

I ain't gonna steal no more, but not because of prison, it is because of what people like Emma Goldman, Peter Kropotkin, Lucy Parsons, etc have taught me. I don't want the pig system bullshit. I want to destroy the pig system, blow up their corporations, factories, businesses, banks, roads, etc. The only way this world is gonna live in true peace and freedom is to destroy government and corporate pig establishments. Look how long the Indians lived on this land without the bullshit of governments for thousands and millions of years. It only took a couple hundred years to turn this land into a prison, a garbage dump, a wasted land because of corporate greedy pigs who bribe government pigs to let them do whatever they want.

People gotta start doing something to stop this shit. The problem is that everyone seems to think they can't do nothing, they think they have no power, they feel alienated. And that's what the government wants. But if people would take their eyes off the TV and go read about the true history of what has been going on and what can be accomplished if we all start getting together and organize, man we could kick them bastards out of the pentagon and White House and really get along. The pigs try to make it look like other countries are our enemies. But they are not, they are people just like us. The government and corporate pigs are our enemies and they are the only ones we got to get rid of. And according to the US Constitution, it is our right and our duty to violently overthrow the government if it is fucking up.

Peace, Love, and Anarchy...

Dale Austin 76660

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## ZEN-DICKS ?

*In a review of NS #7, Angry Thoreauan publisher Reverend Randy Tin-Ear confessed to blowing off the Zendik Farm piece, citing some unpleasant personal experiences with them - natch, I wrote and asked him to elaborate in full detail...*

Jay:

It is not for many folk that I would honor a request such as this, but as I enjoy Nothing Sacred, so I shall. To set the scene, my stay at Zendik Farm (about 5-6 weeks, when they were located near San Diego) may have been short, but it was a turning point in my life. I do not know if I lost more than I learned, but in both regards it was a lot. I have not thought much about what happened during the autumn of 1989, as it is painful to me, so what I shall tell you may seem trivial; keep in mind that I shall chronicle only what I recall clearly, as I do not feel comfortable writing about that which I have only partial perceptions.

I was down and out when I moved to Zendik Farm, but I was confident that that was what I wanted to do with my life. I had lost my car a few months earlier, met a great girl by way of Chen (Sue, with whom I still have a great albeit insane relationship), had no job, very little money, a small trailer, no real place to live, and no intention of ever returning to SoCal.

I had visited Zendik Farm some months earlier for an entire weekend and I found it nice. Their near complete self-sustenance was impressive, everyone seemed sincerely nice, and I enjoyed the big open space.

While on Zendik Farm (once I had moved there), I was asked to sign over my trailer, which I did because I thought that I was there to stay - they wanted to utilise it to carry their magazines from the printer to the farm.

I helped set up one benefit show at the Community Center in San Diego, and it featured Fishwife and the Zendik Farm band. I ran sound along with a crazy, impatient, and extremely intelligent CalTech dropout whose name I no longer recall, and who seems to no longer be with them.

Putting together an issue of their zine (put out in 1990) got me in a very heated discussion with Nom. He had done (or was going to do) an interview with Colin of Conflict. The idea was to exploit the peace-punk scene by printing it. I completely opposed the idea, as I hated Conflict's all-too-obvious hypocrisies and ripoff practices. Unfortunately, no one would listen to my point of integrity.

While there I did my share of work just as

everyone did; working in the garden, cleaning the kitchen, laundry, etc. When I decided to leave, I assumed that I would be able to take with me all of my flight cases, mic, PA, records and such (the trailer was not much of a concern). I left with a weekend visitor, and planned to return as soon as possible to retrieve my belongings (their monetary value was several thousand dollars). Before my return trip, I was phoned with a message that they had had a meeting and decided to keep that stuff of mine which they felt would "benefit the revolution". Despite all of the work that I did, they forcibly kept - read *stole* - my stuff under the bullshit banner of being for "the revolution".

The main reason that I left was because everything was too easy. There was no surprise left to life - the same core of people,



**"Tits, Bushmill's, and a good cigar. Life don't get much better than this..."**

*- Garth Grinde, Barroom Bard  
(With Annie Sprinkle)*

the same routine, it was all laid out for me, and my existential reasoning shouted "Why live if one's life is so predictable?!" So I left, and I do not regret leaving.

Should anyone care to rebut my recount (*See next letter - Jay*), feel free. However, it was a short period of my life that I do not care to talk about, so there will be no wasting of my time rejoinding any such letters. I do fondly remember Colt, Teca, and Ra, as they were fond of me while I was there. Chen and I talked a lot, but his insecurities - betrayed by his "take control" attitude and "outgoing personality" - were too obvious, and so I feel that our relationship was superficial. I only met Wulf once or twice, as he spent most of his time upstairs. Arol and I were okay, but I do not think that she much favored me.

Well, I think that is more than enough. There were no orgies, forced sex, or drug parties. Consensual sex between or among anyone was allowed, and there were two small shacks built exclusively for fucking. The kids were very mature; that they could speak and dress as they wished proved that such idiotic notions as "dress code" and "bad language" are bullshit. Oh, one last thing. The Zendiks thought that my "problem" - i.e., the reason that I wanted to leave - was because I was working in sound and on the mag, and that those projects were too close to what I had done on the outside. Of course, they refused to believe that writing and sound engineering were - and are - my loves in life. Well, they all but destroyed my audio engineering desire, but just as a blind person overcompensates via his hearing, I made up for the loss of running sound in my "publishing". I think the size of the Angry Thoreauan is testament to that.

I read the article on the Zendiks that you wrote Jay, and it is a mighty piece. With you I have no qualms, because you are doing as you desire, and that is what I respect. As for the Zendiks, however, I say fuck them.

Rev. Randy Tin-Ear

## AND IN THIS CAWNAH...

Hey Jay--

Tin Ear seems to have forgotten one very important detail about his short stay on Zendik Farm. Back in the days when he arrived, our policy was (out-front, no less!) after two-weeks to one month of residency, all equipment and money became communal property. That means everybody's stuff is part of the Revolution. We were always very out front about this. Check out this excerpt from a radio interview Arol did back then:

**DJ:** If I called tomorrow and said, "Look, I'd like to come out there" and let's say I'd been investigating and then I say, "Arol, I want to join up, I want to come and live there." What happens if I have \$50,000 in the bank, will I still get to keep it?

**Arol:** No.

**DJ:** What happens to it?

**Arol:** Well, first of all you're here on a trial period which is anywhere from two weeks to a month and I would tell you that everything is communal so if you have \$50,000 that would have to go into the pot. Things that are for common survival would go into the pot. If you have a car, if you have things that have to do with group survival: a car, money,



etc. , again, I would tell you that upfront and then you would come here and live, do the trial period and we'd see how you get along with us and how we get along with you and if you still feel at the end of that time that this is for you, and we feel the same, then you know the deal. I mean there are people who have contributed a lot of money and there people who've contributed their own two hands and their mind. Money and possessions are not a criterion to come here.

Anyways, we transcribed this interview and ran it in our mag so people would know what to expect when coming to Zendik Farm. Clearly enough, after 5 to 6 weeks we've integrated you and your equipment in to our survival. But people are a long shot in our scene, committing your life to Zendik is asking the impossible considering our conditioning in the Deathkultur. We've never had any desire to keep anyone here who can't make it. But dude, the 'goods' are recruited!

Now we have an apprenticeship program, which costs 50 bucks a week, and after a few weeks we discuss with you whether we feel you would fit in with our family or not. We are not a commune, nor an institution. We are a tight knit Revolutionary Tribe.

Also, and this is certainly nothing personal against Tin Ear, but no one leaves here because it's "too easy." We were all trained to run from ourselves and our messes, to avoid intimate exposure. If there's one thing you learn about, living this way, it's people! We know it ain't easy to commit to this. And that's fine. Zendik Farm is not for everyone and that's why have the Ecolibrium Alliance, for people who know there needs to be a revolution, but don't want to 'leave it all behind.' Hey Randy, we never wrote you off, man. We need all hands on deck to pull this revolution off, and personally, I know you still wanna do it! Please drop us a line sometime.

Yours in Truth,  
Nez Zendik

***Much as I love dem Zendiks, I gotta agree with Tin-Ear on this one. Even if the "goods go in the pot" policy was made clear upfront, a value judgement must be made regarding possessions when someone leaves. If their gear is the only thing that helps them find a space in the outside world, then keeping it is out and out wrong. Sometimes the needs of an individual do outweigh the needs of the group... - Jay***

## **BUT WAIT! THERE'S MORE!!**

Jay,  
I still haven't finished the new issue. It took me hours to get through that Zendik Farm piece. Amazing. I've never like journalism; only a well trained journalist could make war, murder, and mayhem boring. The way you put yourself into the story...well, I like that.

Even if I hate the Zen-Dicks. A lot.

I tend to shy away from political idealism because I've seen where the concept leads. I've had good long-haired friends who wouldn't stop by the side of the road to help a redneck out of a jam because they knew "he wasn't one of them". Likewise, my skinhead pal Vermin used to jam on about his racial pride and inheritance as though he represented the entire species. When you start thinking in social and political terms you stop thinking about people. I'm engaged in a heated argument with a childhood friend who can't grasp the fact that I'm married. Like Wulf, he sees more in it than there actually is. Like Wulf, he's so totally self-absorbed that he can't function outside of his idealism. Life in a vacuum.

Nihilism 101 tells us that life has no intrinsic meaning. Value is totally subjective. I'm repeatedly told that my wife and I have "SOLD OUT" because we are married. To me it's all symbolic. If I can't fucking commit to one person, how can I commit to anyone? We're all the same. You get past the words to where there's no "who did you read", no "who do you listen to", no "where have you been". All that's

passing. To me a fuck is a fuck. The experience is the same, like driving different cars...you create the subtle distinctions in your mind. It's an immature mind that can't satisfy itself with what it has. Multi partner sex is just another form of materialism.

How is this gray haired hippie any different than the old fucks in Washington who tell us how to be? If he can call your parents "sell outs" without having seen them together...in love or hate...well, FUCKITMAN! Who is he to dictate anyone's life? If he is still consumed with animal lust, how far advanced could he be?

As far as his loose use of the word "integrity", he makes the same point as my friend by saying "If you need to declare your love in writing under the State, your love is contracted by law. It's a sell out to Big Brother, man..." Where's the hypocrisy if you don't acknowledge the state as being the contractor of your marriage? What if you can marry out of love without a single thought to the government?

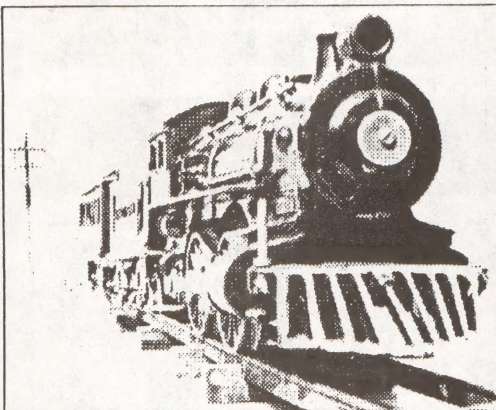
The boundaries are fake. There is no government. Point it out to me if you can. A symbol is only what we make it. It's like all these fucking jerks burning flags. What's the deal? Burn it if you're cold. Wipe your ass if you need to. It's just a piece of cloth. My integrity won't be compromised if I ignore both sides of the fucking issue.


And marry because I want to.

It must be wonderful to pack it up and start a utopia of twenty five. Where's the message that can be brought out into the world? There's nothing out there but another system to be smashed, another dogma cult worship of personality.

Old hippies don't die, but they should. Keep it together. There are better things out there. The world is all in yer head, man. See it as a challenge.

- Fido Von Sydo



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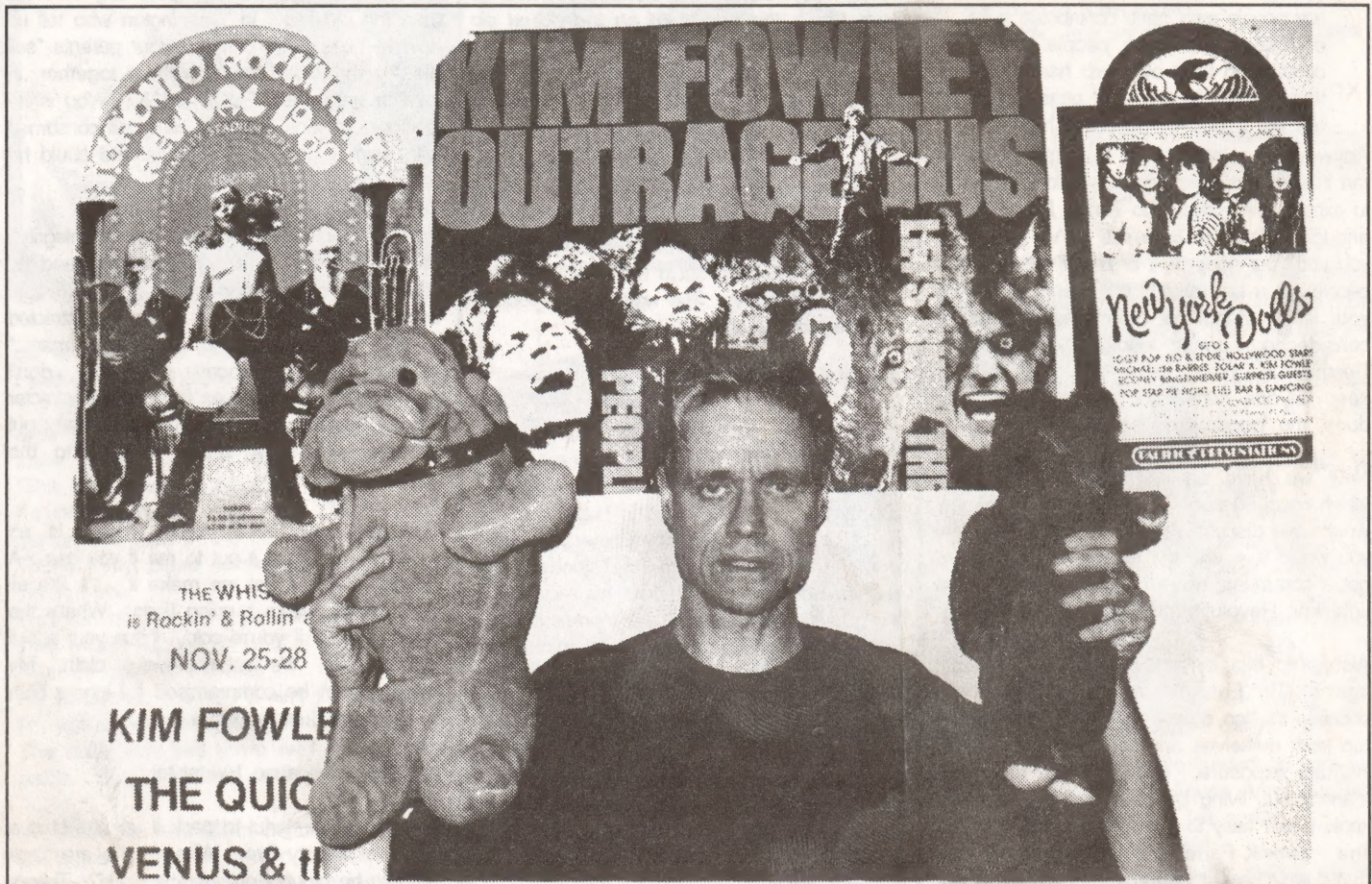
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# SATAN NEVER SLEEPS



T H E

# KIM FOWLEY

I N T E R V I E W

Interview by Jay Sosnicki

Photos by Joshua Leonard



**"You got any hot cunt over there right now?"** This was Kim Fowley's usual salutation during the times he would call me at two in the morning, voice bleary and haggard, suggesting ideas for shows and clubs he thought I should run. I knew his name and basic history: auteur of the Runaways, record producer, songwriter, scourge of the politically correct, world-class pussy hound. Despite this illustrious resume, I still thought he was a crackpot. But the more I talked to him and came to understand his encyclopedic knowledge of rock and the art of survival, the more he spilled his guts about his illustrious and decadent past, the more I knew he would have to grace the pages of *Nothing Sacred*.

Two days after returning from Mardi Gras, Josh, Mark and I cruised over to Kim's Hollywood apartment, behind the Ralph's supermarket on Sunset - Rock and Roll Ralph's because all the junkies, night owls, and scumbags come there after the bars close to do their shopping. I pressed the buzzer.

"WHO ARE YOU?" a voice barked. "It's Jay, man..."

A pause. "Who else is with you, I hear voices..."

"Me, my photographer, and another friend..."

"NONONONONO! You said you were only bringing the photographer, you didn't mention anyone else."

"Yeah, well, it's just one more body, man, mellow out..."

"Don't tell me to mellow out, I've killed men before, I've been in the mental hospital, and I don't want any unknown Hollywood fuck boys in my apartment..."

I didn't know what to say.

"You don't have any alcohol or drugs on you, do you? I told you the rules about that."

"No man, nothing..."

Silence on Kim's end. Finally, as if a crucial decision had been reached, a buzz opened the door.

The three of us looked at each other as we wandered through the salmon colored stucco courtyard looking for the elevator. We didn't know what we were in for but we knew it was something. As we arrived on Kim's floor, a chick with glasses, braids, and leather skirt met us. She looked like Pippi Longstocking reincarnated as a junkie computer nerd.

"Are you Jay?"

"Yeah..." I noticed the Pippi Longstocking tattoo on her arm. "Is your name Pippi?"

"Yeah, Pippi Bernstein." She grabbed my braids and yanked. "You're Pippi too..."

Kim's waved us into the apartment while jabbering with someone on the phone. His lair is small, more of an office than a living space, decorated with the gold and platinum albums of the bands he has been involved with over the last thirty years. There are also samples of his own very rare American albums, most dating back to the late sixties to the early seventies. I noticed several shrinkwrapped copies of his latest CD, *White Negroes In*



*Deutschland*, (BOMP! Records) which neatly illustrates the potential for apocalypse at a Kim Fowley show. The album is a no holds barred bootleg of a German performance wherein Fowley and his roadies served beer mugs full of piss to the spectators, insulted racist skinheads, incited a riot, and had to punch their way out of the club as TV news recorded the whole thing - while naked big-titty gals shook it onstage. They also played some tasty rock and roll, mostly Kim Fowley originals improvised on the spot.

Kim hung up the phone and introduced himself, staring each of us down. He is an imposing man, rail thin and nearly seven feet tall. One by one he looked right through us, and took little time to start rudely needling Mark for what he perceived to be his "ethereal hippie spirituality". It was forced confrontation from the beginning, and I was juiced at the prospect. For the next few hours, Kim took us on a ride we could never hope to control. I didn't conduct an interview, Kim conducted us. He was paranoid. He was benevolent. He was an asshole. I didn't know where the fuck he was coming from, but I knew I liked him and could learn something from him.

Watching Kim do his thing in a room full of people was truly the experience of watching an artist completely in sync with what he does best. Like all great producer/promoters, Kim is an alchemist - a master of orchestrating energies and bringing everyone's strengths into the mix to create a seamless whole. And if the old adage about the most poetic souls being encased in a beastly exterior is true, then Kim Fowley is a veritable Bard.



## KIM FOWLEY CONT'D

**JAY:** Why are you the most dangerous man in rock and roll?

**KIM:** Because I have no respect for anything but me and the people who choose to be on my side. If they're on my side then I fight for them - if not, they don't exist. Unless they buy a ticket to an event I'm involved with musically...

**JAY:** What got you caught up in rock?

**KIM:** Death. February 3rd, 1959, the death of Buddy Holly, the Big Bopper, and Richie Valens, when they went down in that cornfield. I appointed myself to take over the spirit of rock and roll madness and stupidity as an art form - I ran home from my books in business college, stole my father's car, stole his clothes and drove to Hollywood... (*Snaps at Josh*) Don't take pictures yet, I want to pose in front of the gold records, please. I ran into a recording studio and asked somebody how to make a record. A year later I was number one in the world as co-producer of *Alley-Oop* (*Classic novelty rock tune - Jay*). That was 102 million records

ago, 56 gold records ago, 6 platinum albums ago, 15 rock and roll encyclopedias ago.

There are certain significant historical events that trigger people to break patterns, so that was the day for me, the day those guys died. I rushed to Hollywood to have the ultimate rock and roll experience, which I must say I did. I was befriended by people like Eddie Cochran, who let me sit in the studio and observe. I met Beatles, and Rolling Stones, and was really able to have the kinds of experiences I read about in books. John Lennon had me as his master of ceremonies - see that gold record on the wall (*Live Peace in Toronto*)? I was able to watch him throw up in a pan right before he went onstage. He was nervous because he'd never performed with any band but the Beatles. At another point in the night, Little Richard, Bo Diddley and Jerry Lee Lewis all said they wanted to talk to me - they all wanted to be introduced as "The King of Rock 'n Roll". I said there's a problem. *I'm the King of Rock and Roll. FUCK YOU.* All of you. So what's gonna happen - Little Richard, you're the *Glitter King of Rock and Roll*, Jerry Lee, you're the *Cajun King*, Bo Diddley, you're the *Chicago*

*King*. They're like, hey man, you're cool, who are you? I said I'm the *fuckin' King of Rock and Roll*, so I get to designate the titles. Four thousand bucks, one day's work. So I just figured that I could make records - cause these guys are tolerating me, and the audience is allowing me to present all these people.

**JAY:** Yeah, but you're the King of Rock and Roll, right? So what're you thinking while these cats are going out and getting all the huzzahs?

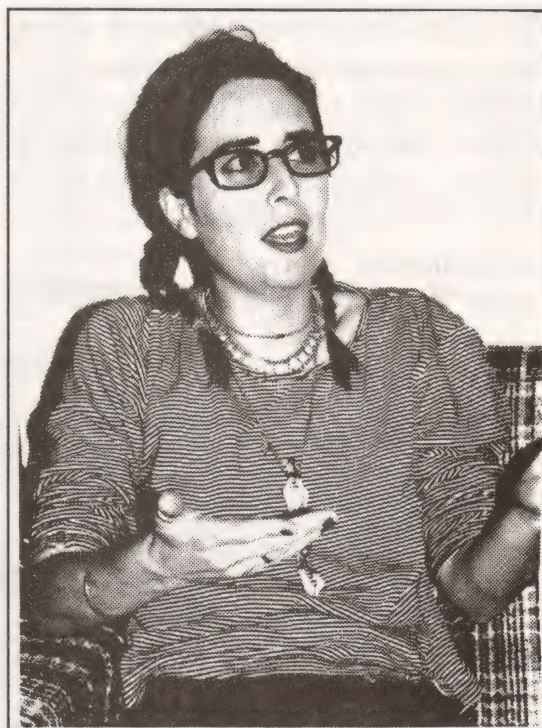
**KIM:** No, I was never the King of Rock and Roll, I was just some jerk who got the guy to give me four grand to do the job. I was able to keep the show going. I mean, *you* throw shows, because you like to see people have fun, and you get to be part of the mechanism that gets people to respond to excellence. It's a tribal thing. There are four "E'S" - Entertainment, Education, Enlightenment, and Escapism. Most people aren't capable of doing any of that stuff, so someone's got to do it for them.

I like to look at performance as a concept of the crystal. If you hold a crystal up, one guy will see red, one over here will see

yellow, and so on, and it's a neuter color except from your perspective. When you have twenty million people looking at a dog taking a shit, you've got to get twenty million meanings out of that. Like this room here. From my view, I live in a storage room that's furnished like an art gallery of gold and platinum records. There is order here. This is my adult room. When we do the photos, we're gonna go into my personal room which makes this look like the hall of Versailles. I've got some squalor next door that's indicative of my true personality. My subjective self lives in that room, this is where I do business.

**JAY:** Why are you living in squalor when you have all these gold records on the wall?

**KIM:** (*Smiles*) Because *dirty bitches* like squalor. I lived at the Chateau Marmont at one time, I had a nice suite of rooms. One time I took this bitch into the elevator, first floor Neil Young gets on, second floor Bob Dylan, third floor Jackie Onassis, fourth floor was me. We walked into my beautiful penthouse, and the girl says "You think you're gonna to get pussy, don't you? Jerk." I said *what's the problem?* She says "I fuck on concrete, I fuck in vans, I



I figure that dirty pussy - really - wants horror. Really wants revenge on Mom and Dad and society, so it wants to be fucked in a room of snakes and soggy values...





fuck in garages. If you want dirty pussy like this, you fuck it in the garbage where we grow. You don't bring us into MTV / Entertainment Tonight / Inauguration Ball shit! Because I've got imperfection, and I see all these perfect people in the fucking elevator. I want the sex to be an exploding toilet, man, 'what's wrong with you?' I said, let me go find a garage with grease on it, let's go now.

From that point on, I never lived good again, because I figure that dirty pussy - *really* - wants horror. Really wants revenge on Mom and Dad and society, so it wants to be fucked in a room of snakes and soggy values. It really needs that *awfulness* in order to explode. If the female animal possesses humanity, then that's the basis of love. If I can get humanity and filth together, then I'm happy. *(Pippi snorts, then, to her)* Be happy I'm not interested in you on a male/female level. It's safer. I don't like white women too much. I like Italian, Hispanic, Third World primitive shit, I like racial mixes, I stopped dating blond women in '88. I'm really into the darker hue, the sweat, the radiation of the pulsating pheromones through the holes in the skin, you know? I like Lorena Bobbitt, I wrote her a fan letter to the mental hospital...

*(Phone rings)*

May I help you? Who are you? Yeah, I'll buzz you in, are you downstairs with your shit? Okay, here we go...*(To Pippi)* Oh, go get this guy, he doesn't know where he's going.

**JAY: (Trying to interject)** What are you doing to keep rock and roll dangerous?

**KIM:** Well rock and roll is dead, first of all. It died with Elvis, it died with Lennon, then MTV and video games came in in the eighties, and this isn't rock and roll. This is product. This is music with demographic basis, music that's used to sell commercials on radio stations, or through magazines like yours, or word of mouth. I'm not doing anything for rock and roll, cause rock and roll is over. People like me, we try to make a living doing music if we can - I write songs, I produce records, as well as write books and in journals and magazines, so it's my day job. I don't sanctify my day job, I'm not interested in finding spiritual value in my

day job. But, I go out of my way to listen to new people. Somebody has to be there at four in the morning when there's one guy singing and one guy listening. It only takes one guy liking it to take it all the way to number one. Malcolm McLaren did this, Colonel Tom Parker did this...

**JAY:** Well, what the fuck's the point if this is just a job to you?

*(Pippi reenters with Gary, a painter)*

**KIM:** I'm doing an interview with these gentlemen, and then later on the video person is coming over. Introduce yourselves...

*(Phone rings as we shake hands, etc)*

**SAY IT TO ME...** Are you downstairs? Do you have my cheeseburger? Thank you, I'm buzzing you in... She knows how to get in here, bring me grease...*(Back to Jay...)* Now, to answer your question, I'm going to put Gary on the spot here...Gary, you be me. So Gary, what are you doing here?

**GARY:** To show you... to introduce my artwork to you...

**KIM:** And what am I gonna do if I like your artwork?

**GARY:** Try and exploit it as much as possible...

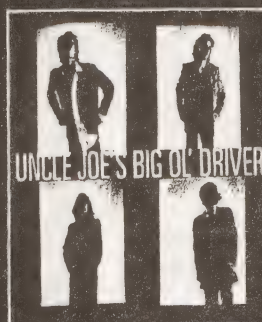
**KIM:** So I'm gonna pimp your work to a bunch of people with money, right?

**GARY:** Hopefully...

**KIM:** Yeah, and if they buy the shit, then their bucks keep you from having to work in a shoe store, right? Then after that, maybe a pile of people in a museum someday may be enriched by your art, right? But before you die, let's see if we can get some rich fuck to be your patron, right?

**GARY:** Give me some money...

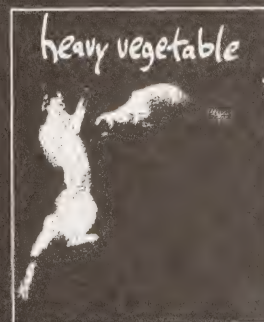
**KIM:** Right. So I know the rich fucks, right? Now this is where I saw his artwork first. Gary, show him your arm. See, he looks like he's a musician, good bone structure, but he's an artist with an interesting way of showing his art. So I said *can you take it off your arm and put it on canvas*? So tonight he brought slides of his art on canvas. Now, next I've got this woman coming in here who's a video person



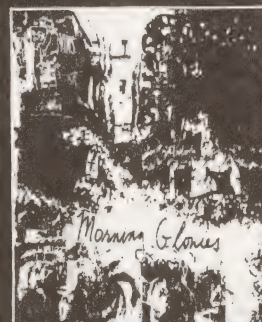
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## KIM FOWLEY CONT'D

in your age group, and she's going to look at his slides, and go to his apartment - hopefully it'll be as horrifying as this on a young artist starving in Hollywood level - and she'll do a video on an Unplugged level of him. Michaelangelo, welcome to my art space, here's my blood, here's my soul. Then I put on my suit, and we walk into some gallery in Beverly Hills and we go from there...

*(A knock on the door, a pretty young woman, very LA chic, with big eyes and bigger hair walks in...)*

**KIM:** *(To Gary)* Meet your video director, Amy Elkins. *(To Jay)* I also network people. Amy Elkins, you are going to answer for me for *Nothing Sacred*...What do I do for rock and roll and young artists?

**AMY:** Well, look at the wall...

**KIM:** Fuck the wall, you're not on the wall. New piglets. What do I do for you guys?

**AMY:** *(To Jay)* He knows what he's doing, and how to tap into trends in music and have a good understanding and how it works in all areas.

**KIM:** So why do I keep doing it?

**AMY:** Cause you're good at it...

**KIM:** Why do I live in shit and why am I an asshole?

**AMY:** Because you have a house in Australia and you're not an asshole, you just like people to think you are.

**KIM:** Good. Sells tickets. What about dirty bitches? How come I don't fuck you?

**AMY:** Because I'm too pale.

*(Big laughs)*

**KIM:** Okay, what kind of dogshit do I like?

**AMY:** Uh...tattooed...pierced...bitches.

**KIM:** Yeah, I like the dirty shit, don't I? But I have some good dirty shit - you've seen some of the garbage, right? It comes from all over the country, all over the world. They send me tapes, sometimes they send themselves. And I've pissed a lot of you bitches off, haven't I?

**AMY:** Everyone of my friends think I should go into therapy because I hang out with this guy...

**KIM:** What do they say, what's grotesque and horrifying about it? I want to hear it.

**AMY:** Just that you're deranged, you know. Someone told me that at a party once you got up on a table, bent over and pulled down your pants and said "Get in line, fuck me, I'm famous, I'm the best lay you'll ever have in your life..."

**KIM:** Do you think I enjoy pain?

**AMY:** Not physical pain, but I think you enjoy tormenting yourself...

*(A bearded, heavy set dude in leathers comes in, drops a Burger King bag on the desk)*

**KIM:** Good, you've got grease for me. This is Desi. Introduce yourself to Desi. Desi, we're talking about the Kim Fowley enemies, and what kinds of things they say. Give it to me. The horrible things.

**DESI:** Mmm...Talks too much, too controversial, too harsh...*What's he done lately?* What's he working on? *(Conspiratorial whisper)* How much money does he really have?

*(Laughs from around the room)*

**JAY:** I'm wondering how you function without the entourage around.

**KIM:** I don't. I just sit in my dirty room and write songs.

**JAY:** Well how come the major labels don't take better advantage of your talents - you've proved that you can spot talent, market it, whatever, why isn't Sony music using you as some kind of...Top 40 divining rod?

**KIM:** I'm not interested in working in an office, getting out of bed at eight to be at work at nine, and wearing a suit and standing around talking to stock holders. I get up at two in the afternoon, and I lay there, and my office calls and tells me how much money I made today...I have an I'm not an office animal, what would I do there? HEY HEY! *(To people talking in background)* My stage, my audience. You're backstage. If you're talking when I'm talking, when he tries to transcribe you'll be talking over one of my great one liners and I won't sell tickets...Just hang out, man, and your dream will come true. No offense. Where were we?

**JAY:** I was just thinking that this is like the whole scene Warhol created. Orchestrating the energies, hand picking who's here...

**KIM:** Wouldn't you? Wouldn't you put interesting people in this dirty room? I get tired of talking to *Hard Copy* and *Current Affair*...*(Pippi snorts)* I worship Amy Fisher,

I think Lorena Bobbitt is *god*. I like the tragic people. I just have the taste of a seventy year old woman in a trailer park in Mississippi, let's face it. I like the same television she does, I like Steven Seagall movies.

**JAY:** Well, what about your rock and roll, and your life as a performer...how does that fit into the scheme of things for you?

**KIM:** First of all, my life as a performer is not in this country, I only perform in Europe. Certain restrictions have been imposed on me, I'm not allowed to perform in California or LA County...

**JAY:** How come?

**KIM:** Well, I had my cock sucked onstage at the Santa Monica Pier in front of the Fire Chief, and so they decided I wasn't civilized enough. Then I had a lesbian fuck a fag onstage at the Whiskey with Lawrence Welk's bubble machine going, and then another guy put his fist up a girl's cunt and raised it over the crowd. Morrison and Eric Burden were there to jam, then I locked the audience in the club and wouldn't let them leave...*(Pippi makes a weird squealing noise)* They set fire to my records across the street at the record store and said "lifetime ban" - so I haven't performed onstage here in twenty-five years...

**JAY:** How much of this are you embellishing?

**KIM:** There's nothing to embellish. You don't have to lie when it's astounding. I manipulate reality by taking something that's obvious and bringing it to someone's attention, okay? Business is the day job, business is my reflex to survival. Next question, come on. Push the pig.

**JAY:** Do you think that your longevity is pure luck?

**KIM:** No, it's good genes. I had a mother and father who were actors. People jacked off to my mother in *The Big Sleep*, she was good looking. My father looked like Errol Flynn, he plays the director in the movie *Singin' In The Rain*. So I had two pretty people fuck - one's an asshole, one's a prick, and they gave birth to this fucking vampire. So part of me is real ugly, and part of me is devastatingly attractive, depends on who's looking. Some girls masturbate to Hannibal The Cannibal, it's a matter of where their visual sexual button is that you push. Oh yeah, I can walk into a room of twenty year old men and get good pussy without saying my name, because I bring in something unknown, something that throws them off balance, you know?

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You got big tits, a pretty face, you're too tall, you're a little guy with energy, whatever it is, you walk in there and - DADADA - and while they're falling back, you get your fucking advantage for cock, cunt, or dollar bill. That's what you do. You use that shit as a weapon, not a basis. There are a lot of people in rock and roll like me, people who ran out of gas before their time and all that. Hendrix. Morrison. The difference between me and all them is this is just my *prison*. My charisma, my greatness, just happens to be the exterior of the real package - which is giving the world great artists and great music...or dogshit, if they're dumb enough to buy it. Any of you buy my records, you're jackoffs.

**JAY:** You're proud of what you've done, man...

**KIM:** No I'm not, I pulled off a hustle, I'm proud I pulled it off, but I'm not *proud* of it...

**JAY:** Then what the fuck's all this stuff on the wall, man? These gold records...Why are you giving me bits and pieces of your resume?

**KIM:** (Angry) *Because that's business!* If I'm a doctor, and I want to cut your heart out with your Blue Cross money, I'm gonna put my medical degree up here so I can take your money and buy a new speedboat - whether you live or die, you know? I'm not interested in saving your life, I'm interested in buying a boat. So I put all my shit up here to suck money out of people, that's what that shit's up there for.

**JOSH:** Well if this is just the busy work, where does the passion lie?

**KIM:** Guess...

**JAY:** Dirty pussy.

**KIM:** That's right. I don't smoke dope, I don't drink...I mean I've *tried* everything but heroin, wasn't interested. But I still have a pure side, a spiritual side. I go to church. Here, show him the fuckin' kids...

(*Desi holds up a Kim Fowley album with seven or eight children on it*) All from different women. They all look the same except for the black child. But I don't want to talk about them because they're not in this business. They've all said to me, one at a time, fuck you, thank you, we're out of here. No problem. When I was in tenth grade in high school I was a parent. (*To Amy and her video camera*) Turn on your video shit, Pippi's gonna sing in a minute. Don't just hang out, you're working...

**JAY:** What would you change about yourself if you could?

**KIM:** I'd be meaner. I'd have gotten more. Whatever more is. You don't ever see a luggage rack on a hearse do you? You don't *need* anything. You need to piss and shit, fuck, cry and bleed, stay out of the cold, get the muse sometimes, and then die, and that's about all you get, and the worms finish the rest. That's it. There's nothing for us here.

This is like being in Barstow, getting stuck on the bus between Vegas and L.A.. There's nothing interesting about living on earth - except for dirty cunt. Everybody has a dirty cunt - maybe yours is your family. (Gesturing to Mark) For you it might be your spirituality, certain theological concepts that are important to your survival. Whenever I go to church, I say the same prayer everytime: *I don't want to die right now, don't want to do time right now, I don't want to lose money right now, I don't want to waste time right now, and I should be in love.* Because I'm too interesting to not have a bitch goddess. But in the post-feminist culture, no bitch wants to hang out with anybody because they have their own agenda if they're amazing. Nobody's interested in being anybody's bitch in 1994.

**JAY:** Has L.A. changed a lot in all the years you've been here? It seems like even five years ago there was something happening here...

**KIM:** Let me give it to you this way. You're right. Would you rush to Haight-Ashbury right now?

**JAY:** Fuck no,

**KIM:** Why not?

**JAY:** Because it's over.

**KIM:** Thank you. You just answered your own question about Hollywood. Why are we all in this room? I know why I'm in this room



## KIM FOWLEY CONT'D

- I get paid money to do projects, and good for me. BUT. I'm looking for the next big, huge chunk. Maybe it's your project, maybe it's his, whatever. My next big project, I might move to a dirtier room than this, because after awhile, none of us in L.A. have a quality of life - we might have an *inner* quality of life if we're solid inside ourselves - but we're not getting much. We all work hard and we live in shit.

**JAY:** Then why live here?

**KIM:** BECAUSE NO ONE'S TOLD ME THE NEXT SPOT! Has anyone told you? Chapel Hill, North Carolina, it burns down, scene's over. Seattle's over. **(To Pippi)** You're a San Diego person, talk about San Diego to us.

**PIPPI:** I'm not a San Diego person, I live in a bus and I go to San Diego a lot because it kicks butt, I see great shows almost every night, because the people pay money for entertainment. I can make money down there. Not only can I not make money in L.A., I can't even dream of having like a low cost show that my jerkoff friends can go to where they can afford parking, where it doesn't cost eight dollars to get an orange juice, where all the people who couldn't give a fuck got in free...what kind of bullshit is that? How can art flourish in an environment where it's always like *slice it down slice it down...*

**JAY:** What made your alarm go off when you first heard Pippi?

**KIM:** A demo tape that she made where she sounded like a female Dylan, a better Patti Smith for 1994. Remember, you have all these women on the news - Tonya Harding, Nancy Kerrigan, Lorena Bobbitt, Amy Fisher all these women being reactionary and radical. My sense told me it was time for a radical woman. So I heard this tape and I said to Desi over here, she sounds like she's five feet tall, with no neck, no tits, a lot of pimples, and like Joe Cocker took a shit or something. Let's go out and see what it is. So we went out and went into this very strange place called The Cobalt, and she sang for a bunch of tormented human beings. I always watch the audience, I never watch the artist, and the audience was worshipping at her feet. Horrible boys with big

stomachs, and little twerpy guys coming up and giving her toys and poems and shit. Gay bitches were lurking - she says they're not gay, but who knows what they are - then there was a riot right afterwards. In a fucking *coffee house* they start swinging after she leaves the stage? Wow, was I excited. I said, gee, this is rock and roll even though it's folk. You're putting out a horrifying vibe here, this is really good, because you're disrupting the status quo with your shit...therefore you're *God*, which is *dog* spelled backwards, woof-woof. So there it is. Dog.

Now, in a moment Pippi's going to do her hustle right here on this tape machine. This is the shit. I did not invent this person. How many of us have always wanted someone to like us for ourselves, not changing anything? Everybody here, including me. Just take me

folk dogshit so I sound sensitive. **(To Jay)** What do you want me to sing about?

**JAY:** How about my dogshit magazine?

**(Pippi makes a dismissive noise...)**

**KIM:** What's it called again?

**JAY:** *Nothing Sacred...*

**(Kim belches)**

Is that the first verse?

**KIM:** Okay, do it. **(To Josh)** Give me Diane Arbus angles...

As Pippi hits a groove with a simple chord progression, Kim improvises a rambling ditty about *Nothing Sacred* off the top of his head, finishing with the following couplet:

*If it keeps growing in circulation, the vice squad might read between the lines...*

*they might find the subversive truth Jay preaches, they might find it's so divine...*

*Nothing is ever sacred, nothing is ever ever right but the smell of dirty rotten pussy on a Hollywood Babylon night...*

The performance is remarkable, not because of its lyric content or musicianship, but because Fowley is so into it as it happens - it was also obvious that he could improvise all night and not run out of ideas. Next

up was Pippi herself. From her twisted giggles and generally Squeaky Fromme-like demeanor, I didn't expect much, but she was really terrific, a unique singer and a killer lyricist. A song called *Who Owns Your Sexuality* was particularly good. After Pippi's brief set, Kim broke the group up into smaller groups, commanding everyone to network.

"Let's go shoot an album cover..." he said, motioning Josh and myself out of the room. We walked through the short dark hallway to Kim's bedroom, which must be seen to be believed. It is empty, save for several mattresses stacked against the wall, a matzoh thin futon on the floor, and a few yellowing show posters tacked up on the wall. The entire room is littered, nay, piled with magazines - music rags, tabloids, general culture stuff - all featur-



**...She sounds like she's five feet tall, with no neck, no tits, a lot of pimples, and like Joe Cocker took a shit or something.**

for everything. **(To Pippi)** I'm going to open for you, I'm going to sing for the boys here. Play some of your shit for me, folk chords. **(To Amy, on video)** IMMORTALIZE THIS SHIT...Okay now, give me that vampire look, photographer, video pig...Desi, you're the manager, do something about the light...Don't step on my shit there, this is all sacred shit on this side of the desk...DON'T DRINK MY SHIT, man, I haven't touched it, I'll pour it out for you in your own fuckin' cup, just wait.

**(Flurry of action as everyone assumes their role...Performer, Manager, Journalist, etc...)**

Put the window down, man, I don't want to scare the neighbors. Now where are we in this nightmare?

**PIPPI:** You're going to sing...

**KIM:** Oh yeah, it's going to be a nightmare. What are you gonna play for me? Play some



ing the now ubiquitous "dirty bitches". Tori Amos is featured prominently among them, deemed desirable by Kim because of her "erotic rat-snake-freak video", and because she apparently has a crush on him. "She told her manager she wants to take me on the road," he says, "I don't know what my duties would be, but..."

He proceeds to show us a stack of Poloroids of "wife candidates", sorting out the most likely ones. A Canadian vixen named Anastasia scored high because she had collaborated with Kim on music, and because she had a career of her own - delousing and styling hair for patients in mental hospitals. For all of his folderol about preferring "the darker hue", most of the chicks look like Miami University co-eds. Blondes with big bimbo hair, studio tans, scary gym bodies.

**JAY:** (Looking around the room) I don't know what to say, Kim...

**KIM:** Don't step on my shit...

**JAY:** Your shit is everywhere, Kim, where do you want me to step?

**KIM:** Are you going to do pictures now? I thought this room would be more interesting than the other...Don't mangle my shit, man...

**JAY:** Where am I supposed to stand?

**KIM:** Stand over here...(Directs Jay to futon)

**JAY:** Anything on these sheets I should know about?

**KIM:** So how was I on the first date? Better than you expected?

**JAY:** When you started working the room, that's when the interview started...

**KIM:** You saw how I work, I work dynamically. I change the energy of the room around as the new arrivals come. This is my thirty-fifth year of doing this, in thirty-seven American cities, I've sat with people for the first time and said listen to so and so who nobody's ever heard of, and they do and say "Wow!". And that's a good singer in there, a good writer, she's an original - (leans into recorder) PIPPI BERNSTEIN - and it's a turn on to me to say I was the guy who heard it when nobody else did. People like me are very boring individuals. If we don't talk about ourselves or our work, we have nothing to say. That's why I watch tabloid television - I'd rather watch Amy Fisher talk than sit in a room full of movie stars. It's more interesting.

**JAY:** You said before you still go to church...

**KIM:** Yes, I do. Because I'm terrified, I'm human. I'll kill or be killed. And if you're a warrior, you have to be sensitive to death, sensitive to pain, and you have to understand how serious losing is. So you pray to god when you go into battle, and when you go into battle, you kill. I've prayed to god, he's helped

me. I've helped *him*. I've put up with a lot of assholes...

(At this point, Kim elaborates on his pile of "wife candidate" poloroids)

**JAY:** Do you think any of these chicks are just using you? Or do you not care if the sex is good?

**KIM:** I think that my philosophy of being a real bastard is really nice about it, it's appealing to them. It's like Christopher Walken, or Willem Dafoe - I'm like those guys physically. Kind of charismatic and ugly and creepy. We're not pretty, and we're not young, but we're kind of like godlike tall intense warrior types. That's not on the list of masturbation fantasies for a girl that wants to fuck Tom Cruise. So I'm not the first choice of the Curt Goddess. But one day, most of them dry up - they got a couple of babies, a couple of bad marriages, a couple of trailer parks, and they're no longer goddesses. They're like old stale bread. I've learned how to stay beautiful. Radiant, exotic, exciting - I've learned how to push the beauty button, or the teenage cock button, so I can still grease up and radiate if I have to. Most people don't know how to do that - most people are common, everyday, boring pieces of shit. The world is designed for them, they get to be waitresses, milkmen, and mechanics where there's no challenge and it's steady money and they sit there wishing they were me. Then *we* sit there wishing we were versions of *them* - at least they have personal lives, a life of intimacy. I don't have intimacy.

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I'm living in the equivalent of a crack house culture called Hollywood where there's 10,000 versions of every girl, dog, chicken and drummer.

**JAY:** Yeah, but where are the emotional attachments, man? If no one gets under your skin you can put your dick in anything - sooner

or later its got to be more than just getting laid...

**KIM:** Sooner or later you die in your sleep if

you're lucky. I'm emotionally attached to my work. But I care about anybody that chooses to spend time with me. I care about anybody who bothers talking to me - I think that's very nice that they would bother, but once that's done...

It's the Box Theory, have I told you about that yet? You come out of a box called a cunt, into an incubator or crib. Boxes. Then you go into a playpen and a nursery at home which is a box within a box. Then to school which is a box, into a job. Then you go into a box called a church to get married, then into your boxes with your own children. Then when you die, they put you in a box, put you in the ground, and it's over. So all your life is going from one box to another box - you're in containers the whole time. You're in a container in the body you walk around in. Your spirit, your soul,

your heart - you're locked in with whatever your exterior is. People talk *at* you, they don't talk *to* you. People talk to big tits, pimples, dyed hair, whatever your wounds are, whatever your neon is, that's what they talk to. The shell that God has provided you with to walk around in as your tank, and you're doing the best you can to get through. That's all you get. Knowing that it ends with worms eating me,

**None of us in L.A. have  
quality of life. We work  
hard and we live in shit...**

I'm not terribly interested in kidding myself that any co-existence I could have on earth would be permanent...

**JAY:** That's a load of shit, man. If you're gonna die anyway, then you may as well go for it...

**KIM:** Well, if you have an intellect and talent like I do, then those things require you to make a stand of some kind. I couldn't care less if I never write another song, or make another record - I do it by reflex, not design. Eating shaved Italian sweaty cunt means more to me than having a #1 record in Billboard.

But the bottom line on me is that if you take away the tragic childhood, the controversy, the musical talent and salesmanship - and there's nothing there. It's empty. It's really, really empty. It's not sad, or happy or tragic, it's just real empty. Like it's already dead. And it's been like this for twelve years. At the end of '82, it just stopped. Life stopped. I've been dead for all practical purposes since then. I remember going to the airport at the end of the year and...I think I stepped into a strange door, you know? I came back from the airport, and it was never the same. *Dirty*

*pussy is all I've got.* But I want some fucking humanity with the dirty pussy. I don't have that humanity, there's gotta be some humanity, but within the context of perversion and decadence...

**JAY:** Aah, that's out there...

**KIM:** No, it's not, fuck you. There's no one very decadent anymore - I mean certain areas, someone who'll fuck somebody on a pool table if they've had enough downers...but then you have the people that are so perverse that they can't function. You have to function in society, and obey the law. I live within the context of law, because that's sort of sensual, Ayn Rand said so in *Atlas Shrugged*. There's a certain sensuality in order and form and structure. Procedure and structure to me are



god. That's why I have a short haircut. Oppression's cool too. It makes you do good work. I'm oppressed by my own genius, my own madness.

**JAY:** Where did you learn the hustle?

**KIM:** I learned to hustle in the foster home - to fight for the bathroom, for the food. My mother, who never loved me, never did, never will, dumped me there as soon as my father went off to fight in World War II. During that time I learned how to tie my shoes, talk, piss, take a shit, write and think without any parental supervision with 28 other kids. One day, after the war was over, my father, this Errol Flynn look-alike idiot marches in with the girl with the tits hanging out, saying *hey, where's my child?* When I saw him, I hoped it was me, because he had a good image and a bunch of people with him. So the father used me as a trophy from the age of six to seventeen. I was a brilliant child who could go into a roomful of adults and talk to them as an adult. He liked the idea of a six year old kid who could sit there and carry on, and report on who was stealing the silverware. Like having a dog that everybody likes. He was a fuckin' asshole.

So he took me out to his house in Malibu. When we pulled up, there's Brian Donlevy the old actor and three whore/bimbos who had hidden his false teeth in the sand. John Garfield is in my new bedroom and some chick is putting cocaine on the tip of his cock. I asked him what was going on. He said *I'm living up to my image*. I said do it somewhere else - I had never had my own room before. Then my 18 year old stepmother marched in and says *this is your little sister*. I was mad - I thought the father had left World War II and ran right out to find me. He had a fuckin' family for a year before he came around! So they left the baby in there and I tried to kill it on the spot. I ditched it in the wood pile, and when they found it, it was covered with splinters. The adults asked *what kind of a human being are you?* I said I'm at war, just like you. I'm a child that was left behind, you're adults that didn't get killed. I went through the stresses of war, now I'm going through the stresses of dealing with a bunch of fucking actors and idiots.

The day after he picked me up, my father took me to Schwab's drugstore. He put me on the counter and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, and those who aren't sure, here's my child. (*Pointing around*) And this is a hustler, this a homosexual, this is a nigger, this is a Jewish gentleman, this is a mafia god, this is a big-titted bitch, this is a dope dealer..." And every time he went around the room everybody would cheer for their specific title, and then two chorus girl types grabbed my six year old cock and balls and stuck a candy cigarette in my mouth and said *Welcome to Hollywood* and that was forty-eight fuckin' years ago. It was all there. Everything that I would see the rest of my life. Transvestites, chicken hawks, it all was there. Everybody wanted to cum in your mouth, kill you, or take your money - same way today, hasn't changed.

By the time I returned to Hollywood at nineteen, I'd been through fourteen grade schools, four high schools, three universities, two colleges, army and airforce in



Guatemala, and I'd had pneumonia nine times and polio twice. Now I'm fifty-four years old, and the tally from nineteen to fifty four has been: 56 gold, 26 platinum, eight times #1 in Billboard, 15 rock and roll encyclopedias, and in the last twelve months I've had 5 chart records, two in America, one in Spain, and two in Australia.

**JAY:** Survive is the name of the game...

**KIM:** Yeah. I don't tell everyone everything, I only tell you what I need to perpetuate the myth I perpetuate. I mean, shit happens, you fuck it. Morrison, Hendrix, G.G., none of them had any balls. It takes *balls* to get through this life. This is awful, I mean *this is awful*. Some of it's bad, some of it's good. Fuck it, it's Kim Fowley, reporting from Hollywood 1994...

## AN OPEN LETTER FROM KIM FOWLEY

Anyone interested in destroying me, you've got a long line to stand in. I'm in a place that has weapons, that's booby trapped. I'm constantly ready to engage in self-preservation and survival, so I don't get stupid and I don't get sloppy. I'm ready to go for the throat, and for the eternity, one way ticket. If that's what somebody wants, step right up. Don't invade my space because you're gonna have problems.

As far as goddesses go...Send the naked photo, and here are my requirements. I want you to like to be grotesque, like to be dirty, like to be disgusting, you need to be human, have an open mind, an identity, and a life. If you don't have any of those things, I'll help you achieve it. I like enthusiasm and commitment with loyalty. I'm for the virgin who doesn't need to fuck anybody else but me, or I'm for the whore that's fucked everyone *but* me. I'm for the hopeless, I'm for the hated, the devastated. I'm for the pure. I'm for anybody who has just given up on having a miraculous life. I like sweat, I'm a feminist. Here bitches, this is the answer to your problems at the following address. Thanks, and have a happy life. Support Nothing Sacred, because they're trying to tell the truth.

All materials to: **KIM FOWLEY**  
6253 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 402, LA, CA 90028



# The Skank

Who Just Turned 30

The drugs in his dresser: piddly shit devices that could not alleviate the pain of his condition. The pain of his condition - that nobody cared - his every day a black hole sucking him in, pulling him down deep into the boring, locked in shitty routine. "Such a waste of time, this stupid way of life," he thought. A marginal, an outcast, outside of society, he trudged along thinking, skank who just turned 30, he was the one that nobody trusted.

Inside him there was conflict, damage deep down inside him. He was filled with fear. Visions of decapitations, shootings, stabbings, screaming bloody hell. Somehow he had to straighten himself out, get a job, go to work, still those screaming visions and ride the bus. Find a way to live on society's terms. But how could he - boy from another planet - break down, cut his hair and wear starched business clothes? How could he speak and act like everyone else standing in line at the supermarket? "No, no," he thought, "that's not what I want."

Once it was easy for him to choose. At 20, at 25, in the bloom of youth, he could indulge his whims indiscriminantly, scoff at the normals and be cantakerous, ridicule religion, authority and order, and revel in his nihilistic urges - all the time letting his anger and hatred spill out and shoot through his every nerve. No one expected much from him then, he could be anything he wanted. No one second guessed him, no one seemed to judge him. He wasn't taken seriously. All he wanted really was to be free of bullshit, of bullshit mentalities, metal detectors and uniformed assholes swaggering around...he was young, rebellious and snotty.

But his body had been changing, exploding from within - time passed and he had grown older. Seemingly through no fault of his own he found himself moving in mature adult circles...it was as if he had woken up in a strange country, sweat streaming from his brow, the entire teeming youthful world gone, forgotten. In the grim, mainstream world of business, power suddenly seemed important, age and experience were sought after, and money - having money was the ultimate good. He understood the way it worked, understood it well. The world of shit, the attitudes of yuppies and assholes. He recognized it for what it was - sniveling materialism. He had always condemned it as a youth, attacked the lifestyle thoroughly. But now it was threatening to overtake him, change him, corrupt him.

For the past few years he was compelled by loneliness, that seething cauldron of human frailty, to fraternize with people who harbored materialistic ways. In doing so, he became affected by them, their attitudes, their sterile routines and rigid work ethic, the children inside them stiff and cold. He couldn't help but be affected by this, continually bombarded by their shit, by the decay taking place all around him. It was happening inside of him, the parasites eating away at his resolve, changing him.

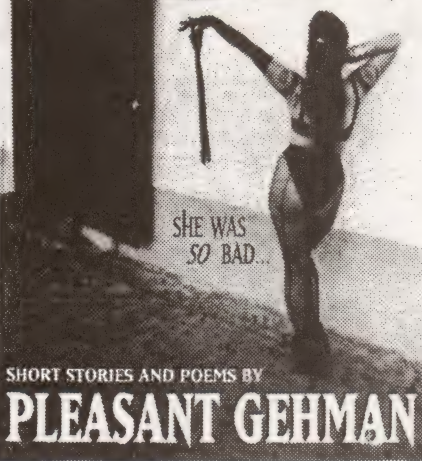
His struggle was enormous, compounded by desires to remain constant to his youthful ways. Addicted to a harebrained heroism, he followed in the footsteps of famous rebels. Somewhere between James Dean and Emma Goldman he saw some glimmer of hope for a better, brighter world. Inwardly, lost in a bog full of hatred, he was still a stone throwing anarchist - contemptuous mostly of businessmen, the liars and cheaters who pulled the strings and manufactured misery for everyone else. In this way he was still the same as he was on the day he turned 19. But eons had passed since then - chronologically he was 33, and spiritually he was in pain. Being angry and rebellious at 33 years old gave him very few options in the world. Knowing the circumstances of this condition only seemed to make him more angry, which of course made matters worse.

Moving as he did in adult circles, where holding a job was important, he found it hard to relate. Because of his reluctance to conform and to "hold down a job", people lost patience with him. Walking past his cage at the zoo, they saw him as lazy, a failure, a bum. Younger people found him over the hill, too old, his face sunken in. Either way he was labelled a reject, a failure, one who did not fit in anywhere. Unwelcomed by underground subcultures and barred from mainstream America.

"There he is, the skank who just turned 30," they whispered on the stairs as he passed by.

# Bob Z

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## TALES OF THE TRUE CRIME



NEITHER/NEITHER WORLD

Careful with that  
brush Eugenel

## ART THERAPY FOR SERIAL KILLERS?!

SAN FRANCISCO – Six notorious serial killers are featured artists in the full color fold-out from goth sirens **Neither/Neither World**. The CD, *Tales Of The True Crime* takes a trip through the twisted minds of notorious murderers. Each song is dedicated to a different psycho. One standout track is an ode to Jefferey Dahmer entitled "Dismember Them."



No good commie pinkos or cutting edge revolutionaries? You decide!

## GUNS, DOPE, & FUCKING IN THE STREET! *Godless communists corrupt America's youth*

DETROIT – The legendary MC5 advocate everything in their new CD and collectors' ten inch *Power Trip* which features never before released material, a reprint of the White Panther Party Statement and extensive liner notes by Minister of Information **John Sinclair**.



White Panther  
madman John Sinclair

## L.A. rockers take tag off the wrong mattress... **GET RECORD DEAL!**

LOS ANGELES – L.A.'s guy/grrl band **Bed Of Eyes** release their debut CD this fall as a result. Perky singer



**Clean teens hit it BIG!**

**Dave Matke** admits, "We had no explanation except to say that **X, Sonic Youth, and Neil Young** made us do it." The lucky kids' CD, *Crimp In*

*The Facts* is due in the fall.

## Musician eats

DINGBAT  
DIET!

# SHIT!



He's no Boy Scout!

NEW YORK CITY – Hardcore punker **GG Allin** returns from the dead with the collectors' ten inch entitled *Kill Them All*. Fans swear GG's wacky diet enabled him to cheat death. Sightings have been reported in Irvine, California, La Paz, Bolivia, and New York City.

**Have YOU seen GG Allin?**

If so, contact **GG Watch** at P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.



I used to edit and publish a little magazine, **A Bug In My Fries**, and one time a guy from New York City, Steven Munden, sent me some of his stuff, a mish-mash of strange and incompetant short stories and bad poetry, and a cover letter that contained not only his best story, but his best writing as well. In the letter, he wrote that he had been in prison for robbery and aggravated assault, but that the cops had never caught him for worse crimes he'd done, like rapes and murders.

"I think I've killed maybe at least five people," he wrote in terrible, childlike scribbles. "Maybe more because I'm drunk and high a lot and I black out on a regular basis so I don't know really what all I've done. I'm kinda like a werewolf I guess. I change and become something terrible. I slash and pound and after awhile blood is all over my clothes and I walk home. Cops see me but they don't stop. To them I'm just another guy with blood all over him. I do work but I'm quiet and keep by myself and nobody seems interested in me. I have to be careful. I do talk when I'm drunk and one guy I killed I had to kill him because I told him all about how I raped this woman, giving every detail, and he tells me this woman with the red hair and blue eyes sounds a lot like his sister who had got raped. I told him the woman's name was Sandra and he jumped me. I pulled a knife and I woke up in the gutter and walked home. Killing people is not so hard. If you get mad enough, it's easy."

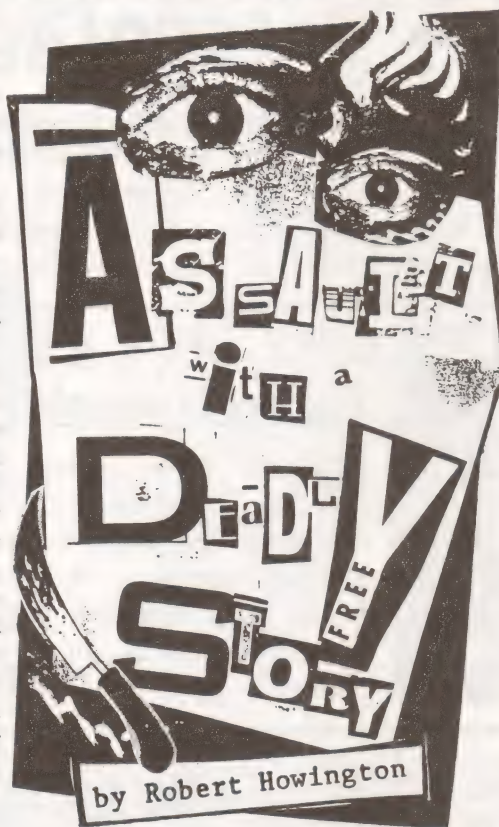
I liked his letter so much I printed it. Soon after mailing out the issue in which the letter appeared, a cop from New York called and asked if I would send him the original via overnight express. He told me they had Munden in custody and were going to charge him with murder one.

"His letter you printed was read here in New York by some people who saw the magazine at an out of the way bookstore..."

"That would be SEE HEAR," I interrupted. "I always send them a few copies of each issue."

"Yeah, well they alerted us and we contacted the woman he talked about raping. We found out who she was by taking the clues he gave in the letter, her hair color, eye color, and first name, and punched those into a computer. She came up almost immediately and her case was still open.

"We called her and sure enough, her brother had been killed in a bar fight. She I.D.'d your writer and we got a warrant for his arrest and picked him up at his job. He's admitted to the brother's murder and



had hinted at one more. After we interrogate him further, I'm sure he'll come clean with everything he's done. He's starting to like the limelight, with the attention and the reporters and all."

I sent the cop the letter, and a few months later I learned from a New York Post reporter that Munden had been found guilty and sentenced to life in prison for raping and murdering a mother of two.

"Your friend used a serving spoon on her," the reporter said. "He's a twisted sick motherfucker. He has the eyes of a crazed pit bull and very

pale skin. He laughed out loud at the trial all the time for no reason we could detect. He seems to have a lot going on inside his head and it apparently has to come out somehow. The DA figured this murdered mother case would be easier to prosecute than the murder of the brother of the rape victim. Your friend has admitted to three other killings too, a prostitute in an alley, an old man in a park, and get this - a dog in a neighbor's backyard. Since he doesn't want to appeal this first case, and he didn't want to because he hated sitting all day in cold courtrooms, they won't go forward with the other cases. They'll certainly never let this guy out on parole. Besides, he says he likes it on the inside. It gives him time to write, he says."

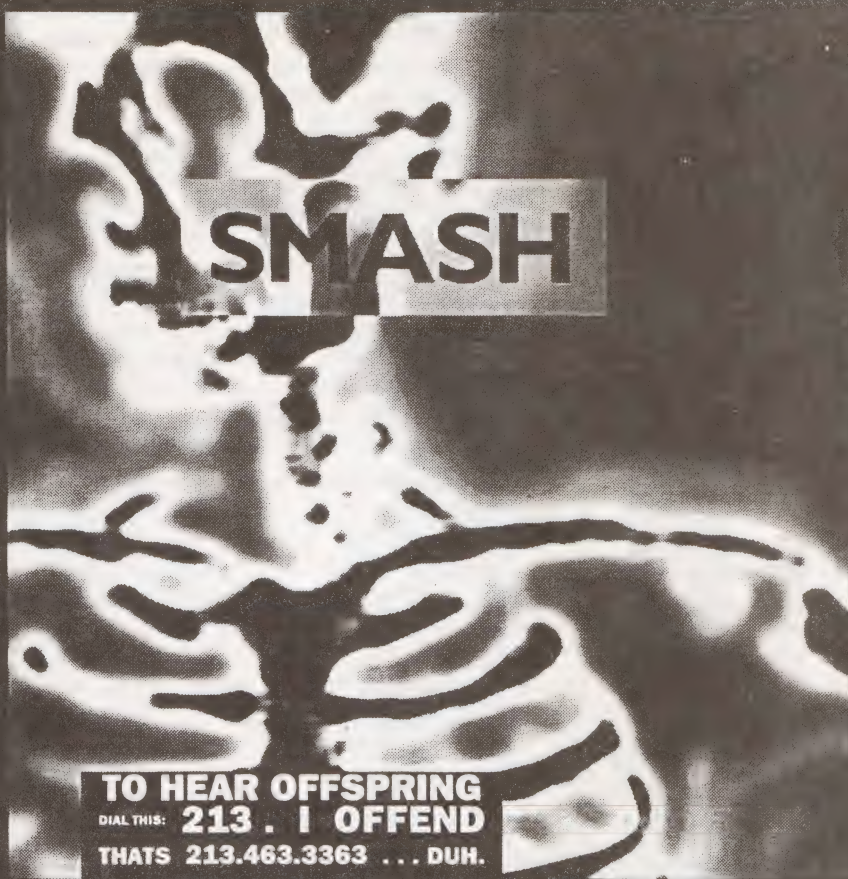
"That would account for all these stories and poems he sends me," I said. "They're all so pitifully bad. I tell him they suck, but he keeps sending them to me. He's thinking about switching to screenplays, so I sent him a book to read and study. But his letters are incredible, they ramble on forever and he talks about shit that he's done and it's truly maddening. I plan on printing these letters in my next issue."

I told him that Munden had impressed me with one letter by quoting a line from a Charles Bukowski short story called "Decline and Fall". It read, "...somehow you get to thinking a murdered thing should keep screaming." Bukowski might know about drinking and women and fucking," he wrote in his scrawl, "but he don't know killing. When you done with them they lay there and they are dead and there is no way for them to scream because they are dead and everything stops. Bukowski will know when he kills somebody how it is really."

I told the reporter I'd forward him a copy of the next issue. After putting the receiver down, I walked out to my mailbox and looked inside. There in an envelope, one marked with an address from a New York State Penetentiary, was some more wisdom from Steven Munden. I ripped it open and read what he had to say right there on the sidewalk.



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It made no difference that the land he was giving us, and much more besides, was already ours and always had been.

We soon began to notice that each time we made a treaty, we lost a little more land, although each time we were told that the new reservation would be ours forever.

We never fully understood that by forever the white man meant 'until we want it for ourselves.'"

-Old Kiowa Woman

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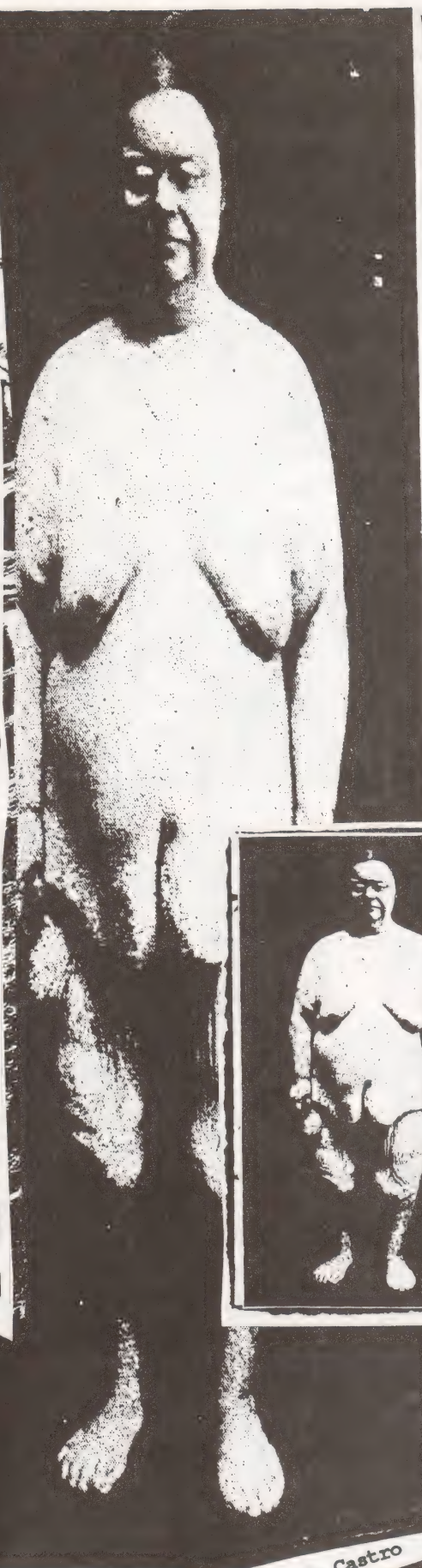
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# Pink Triangles My Ass



Fernando Castro

FUCK!!!

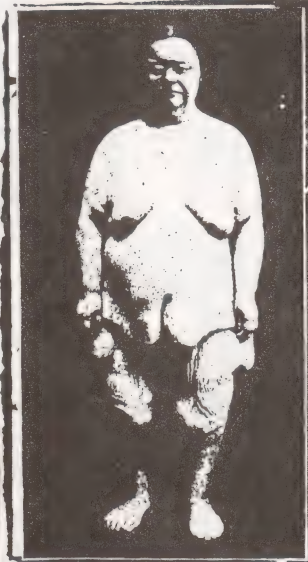
cy 564-23

when I came out of the closet  
I got no 100 bucks, no drag, no ID, or blow job  
training  
POLITICAL PRIISONERS  
that is if I am using the right terms  
EXCUSE ME!!!  
political prisoners are denied these privileges  
the state and responsible employers cannot be  
faulted for neuroses  
for which there is no insurance coverage, I was told  
and that's how I entered the pearly gates of sodomy  
uncompensated

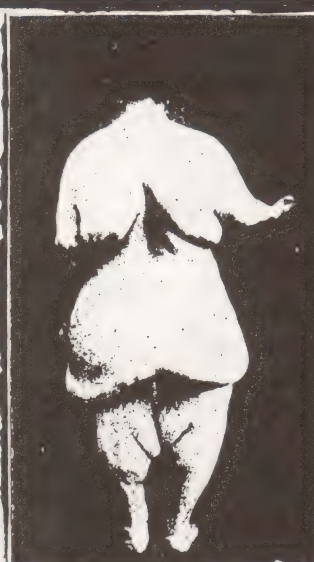
"YOUNG MAN OF 28, YOU HAVE A WORLD OF  
ASSES & DICKS  
IN FRONT OF YOU. MAKE SOMETHING OF  
YOURSELF."

some tasted good, some shitty, others of fear of  
epidemics  
the tiresome search has lasted twelve years  
a man crouches over a drink, I wonder if it's him  
I wonder if it's the queer national butch begging to  
stop

the executions of our people  
the man who gauntly awaits his last breath  
street boys have given me comfort  
but they want hot soup and a compliment  
THEY DON'T WANT ME!!!  
WHAT IS WRONG WITH MY HEART?



Hi Jay, call me for a good time! Nancy 564-2311



I scream in front of  
the crowds on dance  
floors  
WHAT IS BROKEN IN  
THERE?  
I don't want to hit  
the pavement of our  
ghettos  
at fifty, at sixty, a  
nosferatu with dancing  
shoes  
I know it is wrong to  
ask like my poor  
mother  
"Where is he and where  
are those to make me  
happy?"

Hi Jay,

the targets of my heart wear pink  
but it is my intention not to wear the pink of victims  
I am as gay as it comes  
& over coffee write with pride personal wanted ad  
I can cook, I hate to clean  
& if I really try I can make someone very happy



# HOMAGE

ST. MARK'S PLACE, AUGUST 1977, 7 PM.

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BLACK PANTS

BLACK TIE

BLACK CLOUD

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IN JUNKYLAND

(WITH THE FULL PALETTE OF

MANIC PANIC HAIRDYES

AVAILABLE).

A SPIKE-HAIRED HARLOW BLOND

YELLS AT HER DOG:

ROTTEN, HEEL!

ROTTEN, HEEL!

ROTTEN, HEEL!

THE CALIORNIA GIRL PUTS DOWN

A LEATHER COLLAR

SHE'S BEEN CONSIDERING

GOES BACK OUTSIDE

(WITHOUT A PURCHASE)

WALKS THE STREET, ALONE

LOOKING FOR PATTI.

LOOKING FOR PATTI.

LOOKING FOR PATTI.

NICOLE PANTER

## bigwhitecars

Mother didn't marry us a light-house keeper.

Daddy never came home for an empty stomach.

I ain't never seen sister Sue with a wine bottle

half full.

There is those things that ain't ever forgot;

not never.

Like the smell of a dirty book over a gas oven

or the sound of breaking leather.

There are those girls better touched

with the shades pulled low.

There is those times when a woman likes a swift kick

or a back street rape better'n beer.

Most things rotten taste damn good

after you've gone without.

God's not for the rich men with their big white cars

and their Sunday smiles.

Jesus didn't die for the sins of the rich

or the politicians.

Or so my Daddy used to say before he beat us

behind the yellow shed

on the northern bank of the Nile.

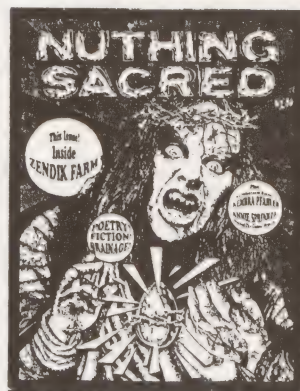
Fido Von Sydo

Get 'Em While They're Hot!!

# NUTHING SACRED

## BACK ISSUES

**#7** Slacking Off On **ZENDIK FARM!!** Jay and Josh's epic odyssey into the revolutionary commune!! Beyond The Cosmic Orgasm with **ANNIE SPRINKLE!!** The Voluptuous Horror of **KEMBRA PFAHLER!!** Lots of graphic nudity, poetry, fiction!! Thank Christ, our first full color cover by **Mark Rude!!** \$4 postpaid...

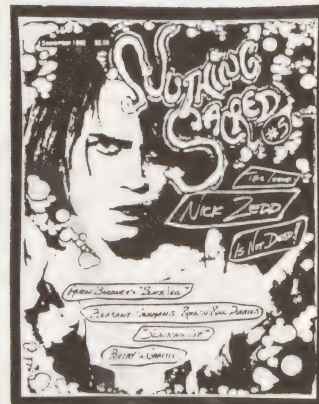


**#6** **GG ALLIN** - The Infamous In-Depth Final Interview!! The World of **Lisa Suckdog!!** Wordwarrior **Bob Z!** Indian activist, poet, **John Trudell!!** **PLUS! POETRY, BRAINAGE, FREE STICKER!!**

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**NUTHING SACRED**

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# HOLDING AMY

You **must** be tender to her

when you hold her,

and hold her like you've slipped

**bag**

over both of you.

You must let the rain

**come**, and when it ~~does~~ washing

slippery from your eyes ~~opened to~~

widely to her -

**warmly** hold her more,

as if you hold the **sunlight meant**

for

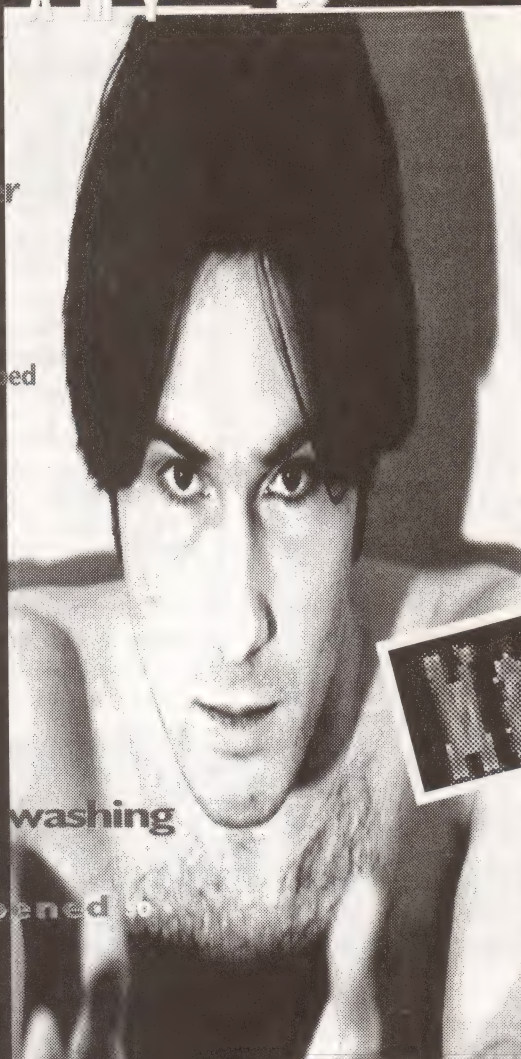
all of us,

as if you love back to life the **dull**

**thud of empty** ~~re~~

as if her hands were ~~pressing~~ back

**your life** for you.



## STEALING LIFE FROM THE TREES

Looking at dead branches, my father  
considers pesticides, better soil,  
more sunlight.

His shambling hands  
brush from his person  
the sweet-smelling red needles.  
For every dead evergreen  
behind him, there is a tool  
in the cart.

I was in love with his trees.  
I took from them.

My time was spilling out  
through a broken life  
like grass seed through my fingers.



# Praying For Trains

11

## Autistic

Everything is coming back  
like mice to the church tower.

Everything is like an oiled gear.

The flowers have an interest  
in big faces. The sun

has memorized the snow on a hill.

Everything is breaking down.

The rain rises up to the cloudburst.

The brightening afternoon forgets itself.

The talk of children moves

stone from a fortress: teachers are  
putting up stadiums and carving diamonds.

Everything is as it was.

The trains are only minutes late.

The time is only vaguely important.

The kind-hearted are living in one city.

The contemptuous are disintegrating.

Everything is part of his dream.

The thunderstorm crackles.

He cups his hands.

He wades through trimmed grass.

The trains have become unnecessary.

By the peaceful grass he kneels  
until he nearly dies.

Abominations that  
day, like old photographs  
of sunlight:

the eye of the world  
is white and has no

So

Some things we could  
do  
with him.

His arms were stuck.  
They wanted to bend  
back.

They were stiff by his  
shoulders.

I crossed his wrists

and tied them  
with a long pink wire.

He moaned, his eyes  
bulged  
up like fat pigeons, and  
one recognition blenched  
him

in his grandmother's  
dead table room light.

He stiffly went where  
we pulled him.

On the couch he  
curled  
into a ball and rocked

what little he could.  
He wasn't escaping.

I turned him over,  
undid the wire.  
As he touched his  
wrists  
where the red lines

were no secret,  
he opened me and  
emptied

his hands of blood.  
The two bent arms  
were pipe cleaner

arms  
and he was made of  
paper

This I could not  
prevent:  
he would remember  
me.



# THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK 'N ROLL BAND?



Reportin' by Iris Berry

FUCK'N "A"!

IS IT IN  
YET, BABY?



Pitchers by Jeffoto

It all started last March at South By Southwest. It was myself and Nicole Panter. We booked the last available room in town, the lovely "Austin Motel", commonly known to Austin residents as the "Penis Motel", because the sign out front is shaped like, what else, none other than an erect penis. It was room numbers written in black felt tip pen on white masking tape, it was doors without locks because they'd been kicked in. It was used rubbers left next to the bed after room service had cleaned, it was hookers, drug dealers and perverts, and a rooster that wouldn't shut up. It was home to a band like Honk If Yer Horny.

And that's where it all began - their room was right next to ours. They played at Emo's on the last night of the conference (with Swine King and One Foot In The Grave). The place was packed with about 400 people, and I have to say that all eyes were on "Honk". Everywhere they went, cameras were clicking, people were talking and pointing - it was as if they were some sort of phenomenon. They act like stars and people treat them as such. Case in point - right after this interview was conducted, lead singer Canya Fuck'r passed out on my bed, vomited all over my sheets, and left with these parting words... "I'd save them sheets if I were you, they're gonna be worth something someday ya fuckin' whore!!"

L.A.'S  
MOST  
WANTED



THIS  
HERE'S  
CANYA

cast iron Pussy



***She's a hillbilly whorehouse junkie  
dyke bitch  
In love with a woman that makes my  
ass itch  
She got no front teeth and she looks  
just like a witch  
She's a hillbilly whorehouse junkie  
dyke bitch!***

- from Hillbilly Whorehouse Junkie Dyke Bitch

**IRIS:** How did the band originate?

**CANYA FUCK'R:** Huh? What does that mean, what the fuck you talkin' about?

**IRIS:** When did you decide to become a band?

**CANYA:** You don't decide, you know you're a star, you're just born that way.

**JOHNNY SNATCH:** Our roots are in the Pentecostal church, we used to be "Honk If Yer Holy"...

**CANYA:** My daddy was a snake handler and I followed suit, I handled a lot of snakes in my own right.

**IRIS:** Who's in the band?

**CANYA:** On lead vocals and totally foxiest is me, CANYA FUCK'R; and also on lead vocals - sometimes

she looks like a rag and sometimes she looks halfway decent - is TAMMY WHYNOT. On washboard is Miss K.D. BANG. MISS PUSSY SMELLS is on jugs, 'n she's got some of the biggest in the business. The Arnold Schwartzenegger of guitar, MR JOHNNY SNATCH, is settin' right here; on motherplucker is MR SPANK WILLIAMS. On guitar, t'other one, is "E" - most people knew him as "The King of Rock and Roll", we jus' call him "E". Also on guitar, the Evel Kneval of guitar, is MR GEORGE BONES. We got FREEBIRD on banjo fiddle, and FUCK OWENS on bass and badass dancin', but he ain't played with us lately. We seen him on America's Most Wanted not too long ago, and he's sorta layin' low. We got a bunch of drummers, also we got THE INBRED, and all he does is sit there 'n be hisself.

**JOHNNY:** But you know he's doin' pretty good, they never thought he was gonna progress past the 2nd grade, and he's already up to the 3rd grade...

**CANYA:** We got the lovely CONNIE RUBBERMAID...

**IRIS:** What does she do?

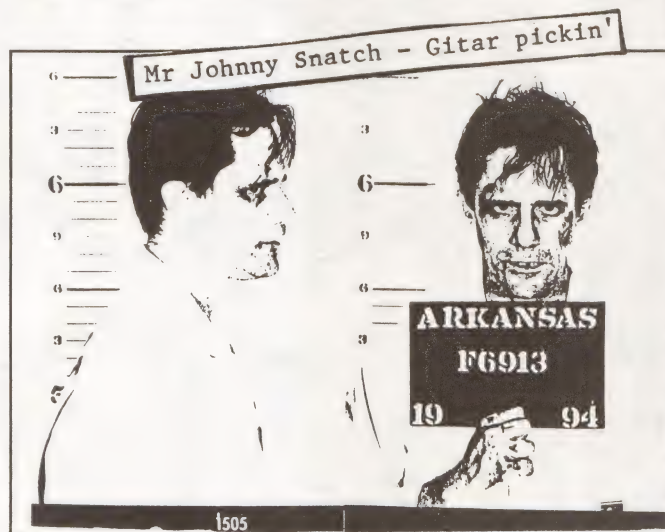
**CANYA:** She don't know what he does.

**IRIS:** No, I said what does SHE do?

**CANYA:** And I said SHE don't know what HE does - but it serves cheeze 'n crackers for the audience. It's confused, but it's awful pretty. Who else is there? Oh, we got MISSY MANCHASER on hand jobs...

**IRIS:** What, she gives hand jobs on stage?

**CANYA:** She does that hand signin' fer the deaf. She ain't deaf, but she sure is dumb. Then we got NASTY KLINE on vocals, and almost as foxy as me but not quite. Then we got CUZZIN BUFORD who has something big



that every woman wants whether she'll admit it or not.

**JOHNNY:** How 'bout Hot Rod?

**CANYA:** Oh yeah, DWIGHT "HOT ROD" STROKUM, I forgot about him because he annoys the shit outta me. He's on lead vocals too, but we all know that there's only one star in the band and you're lookin' right at her...

**JOHNNY:** Hot Rod's a sex god...

**CANYA:** He is a sex god, but he can't compare to you Johnny. Even when you're in the pen, I beat off and think of you. Even when I'm fuckin' one of the other ones, I call yer name and I holler...

**JOHNNY:** You know what? When I was fucking them others in the pen, I was thinkin' about you too!

**IRIS:** Do you guys hold regular jobs, or does music support you?

**JOHNNY:** We knew somebody that had a job...

**CANYA:** I used to go table dancin' sometimes, but when I found out I looked so good under them bright lights, I thought why hide it in a strip club when I can share my talents with all of America.

## THEY RULE!

**HONK IF YER HORNY...**who the hell are they? Supposedly, it's a bunch of hip L.A. scenesters on some sort of white trash/bender thing. But the question isn't so much who are they, as who the hell do they think they are? If you ask them, they'll probably spit a wad of chewing tobacco in your face. These people are fucking sick, no lie.

I've seen them a few times now at a bunch of L.A. dives like Al's Bar and Coconut Teaszer, and most recently in Austin, Texas at the South By Southwest Music Conference. There's about fourteen people in the band, and they act like animals. When they play, the stage is a sea of arms, wigs, pink spandex over fleshy thighs, ripped and fringed "monster truck" shirts, bruised cellulite, flying beer bottles, and, of course - pink foam hair curlers that come loose during one of the many onstage cat fights...

One singer is constantly showing her tits, the banjo player lights hers *on fire*, they have a sign language interpreter who looks like she's about twelve standing on a bale of hay in a tube top, one of their guitar players is a ringer for the fat Elvis, and a drag queen French maid on rollerskates. This he/she also serves gross spray cheese on cracker snacks to the audience while letting them cop feels. What else...Oh yeah. There's also a bitchy housewife washboard player, a nut in a Confederate flag cape that lights his crotch on fire, and a scary dude who plays washtub base and humps on anything that comes within reach...oh yeah, and they play music. These bastards rock. Their playing is out of control, and sing along anthems like "Gas, Grass, or Ass" and "Everybody's Fuckin' My Baby" and "Stinky Pinky" get even the most jaded scenesters going everytime. Suffice it to say, if you have a chance to see them and don't - then FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER, you must be a complete retard!!

Ruby Wheeler



# NO! THEY SUCK!

**DÁTELINE: BUZZED IN AUSTIN**  
**MARCH 1994 - SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST**

I have a valid Texas I.D. which means free entry into EMO'S, a local indoor/outdoor bar with free live music. Undercover cops, nosering chicks, and every dishwasher in a band are regulars at this venue. Everytime I go, I swear it will be my last.

Honk If Yer Hickoids sets up the stage. I rap with Tim Kerr (formerly of the *Big Boys*) and Jello Biafra. Seeing the heavyweights here, I think I'm in for an amazing show. **WRONG!** The already drunk and drugged twelvesome takes the stage and tries to bellow out some white trash punkabilly style nonsense. The "set" consisted of about eight of the loosest, unpractised songs I've yet heard - and this pit veteran has seen about 300 shows. In between songs, the band decide to swill beer and talk their shit. The show grinds to a halt, but they are having fun onstage, so fuck the audience right? I'm bored by the third song. I leave to check out some other shows, but all the other clubs were played out. Shit. Back to Emo's.

A black transvestite hands me crackers with squirt cheese on them. Cool. The band are doing a song about fingering your girlfriend. The frontman takes to the speaker stacks, and lamely climbs out to a ceiling girder, hanging for a moment before dropping like a drunk sack of shit to the floor. More noise. A song starts and breaks up 10 seconds later - the guitarist and bassist aren't even playing in the same key! It starts up again, and manage to get through it. The none-too-trim lead singer exposes her huge breasts in a display of post-punk redundancy (*Huh? - Jay*). The band finishes their set. There is no cry for more.

They head to the bar to chug drinks, and I follow. The male frontman in the Confederate flag cape and blond wig is the focus of my attack.

"Hey man, you guys really SUCK..."  
 "Yeah, I know," he says, laughing.  
 Proud? Of what just happened in there?  
 Time to get out of Austin. They did, but only after an impromptu dick whip out contest. I won. There's only two reasons to ever go see this band...1) If it's free, or 2) If you're too drunk to care.

- Ben Britton

(Ben is an apprentice chef, and rock critic for several Austin area music rags.)



**JOHNNY:** You were the best - some nights she'd make almost \$20...

**IRIS:** Are any of you working currently?

**K.D. BANG:** I do a little hooking on the side. I can't help it, I have a high standard of living so I have to turn tricks to augment my income...

**IRIS:** Is it true you all live together in a trailer?

**CANYA:** It's a MOBILE HOME, double wide, okay? Fuck you.

**IRIS:** What city is it parked in?

**JOHNNY:** Fontana...

**CANYA:** Don't print that. What if people start stalkin' us?

**IRIS:** How do you like Hollywood?

**JOHNNY:** Bunch of freaks 'n fruitcakes. You can't tell the boys from the girls, and boy have I been finding out. You think you're gonna have a good time, then you do anyway.

**CANYA:** Sometimes you don't even gotta spend no money, that's one of the good things 'bout L.A. People just give it away sometimes.

**IRIS:** Have people been giving it away to you?

**JOHNNY:** She's been giving it away to them...

**CANYA:** HEY! This ain't none 'o her business. Let's talk about our careers, this is too personal...

**IRIS:** Okay, do you guys have any product out?

**CANYA:** What...like marital aids or somethin'?

**JOHNNY:** You must be talkin' about them films we done...

**IRIS:** No, I'm talking about records or CD's...

**CANYA:** We got us a EP out on Hell Yeah records - it's got "Gas, Grass, or Ass" on it, also "Hill-billy Whorehouse". Also we got a calendar, a 15 month pin-up calendar called "A Touch of Class" with all of us in it. It's really so nice...

**JOHNNY:** We were very disappointed when we found out K-Mart won't carry our stuff...

**CANYA:** 'An I don't understand why! If they can get Cheryl motherfuckin' Tiegs to endorse their fuckin' little half cotton clothes... I mean those things don't even drip dry!

**JOHNNY:** I saw a "Boyfriends of





Cher" calendar there t'other day.

**IRIS:** Well when you guys get really big, they'll be sorry...

**CANYA:** We ARE big, ain't you seen them nekkit pictures of Buford? We's already big, we're HUGE!

**IRIS:** Are there any record companies after you?

**CANYA:** Are you kidding? Everybody's after us, we're on a rocket straight to the top! We're gonna be bigger than Billy Ray Cyrus and Nirvana, even without one of us killing ourselves, I can tell you that right now. You know that guy stole that from "E", that guy stole that from our motherfuckin' guitar player!

**IRIS:** Wait, who just walked in?

**CANYA:** It's the lovely Connie Rubbermaid, and Tammy Whynot. I was just talkin bout that motherfucker from Nirvana stole "E's" idea.

**TAMMY:** "NIRVOMIT"...

**IRIS:** How is Hollywood treating you, Tammy?

**TAMMY:** These bright lights blind this 'ol cowgirl...

**IRIS:** How about you, Connie?

**CONNIE:** .....

**CANYA:** See I told you. It's real purty, but talkin' ain't her forté.

**IRIS:** Have you guys considered film or TV careers?

**JOHNNY:** Connie's gonna be on the Home Shopping Network...

**CONNIE:** I like them lounge-erie stores in Hollywood...

**CANYA:** (cutting in) I just wanna say one thing - that Nancy Calligan can kiss my ass!

**TAMMY:** It's KERRIGAN...

**IRIS:** On a political note, what did you think of the John Wayne Gacy issue?

**K.D.:** I don't ever watch westerns...

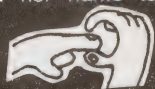
**CANYA:** Anybody who has the name John Wayne has to be a good, upstanding American and frankly, I don't think he did any of that, I think he fried for the wrong reasons.

**CONNIE:** But if he did, anybody who likes young boys is okay with me...

**IRIS:** Is there anything you'd like to say on an endnote?

**CANYA:** I just want to say what I always say to my friends, family, and fans...which is...EAT ME!!

At press time, the performer formerly known as Canya Fuck'r has changed her name to the symbol



saying "that faggoty purple wearin' midget stole the idea from me!"

The Honk If Yer Horny "Gas Grass, or Ass" EP can be ordered direct from Hell Yeah! Records. \$4 postpaid to: POB 1975, Burbank, CA 91507



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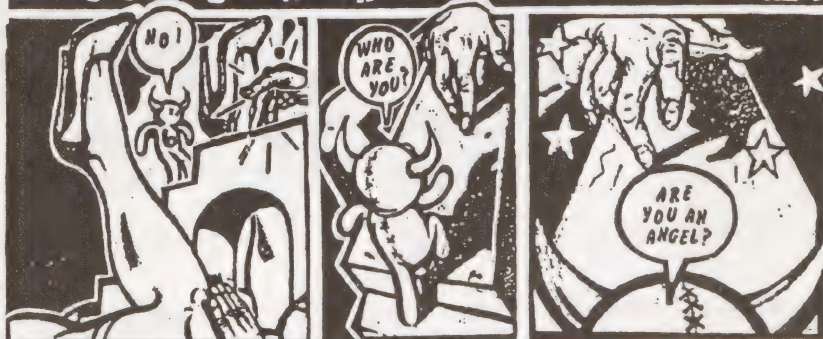


# Lil' SQUIRT

meet  
me at the  
Crossroads  
YO!



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# 12 Kisses To The UNIVERSE

(for J. W. McCullough)

the sun sets on the dildo skyline  
bumping up against the  
concrete night

there is a fool moon  
and a chorus of  
gun shots  
firing off the hours

the rain pelts at your window  
and the traffic beats  
in every direction  
feeding this expanding metropolis

as the fear chews at your insides and mushrooms with the  
genius of grief  
a glad answer to the  
constant aftershocks  
that rock  
the shallow memory of this  
sad but  
beautiful city

your history sang uncontrollably  
out of tune and  
time

12 kisses to the universe  
my friend

this was all you asked  
here's to the ground beneath our feet

the sky that caps the creeping hair of the earth  
and the mother ocean that cradles the world with her  
salty sweet lullaby

the stars over Hollywood that wink and beckon the  
detective moon that lights the wandering  
wonderful  
night

a clock ticking  
the telling time

the miracle of touch

small flowers exploding in shots of color like  
circus cannons loaded with a hope

foolish faith

a single gull sweeping down over the sand as it  
beats against the wind towards the  
freedom of the sea

a kiss for the dying and the dead  
a kiss to living

to beauty  
and one single moment in the sun

in the end  
it is the madness of  
love  
that gets us all

it is love  
only this

that finds us  
alone and  
still  
in our  
secret room of  
need

as the loud music  
plays its love song to the  
clouds  
gives us wings  
and we are no longer

mad  
but free

-S.A. Griffin-



**Nothing Sacred** is proud to present the following excerpts from the recently recovered diaries of Henry Rollins brief '93 tour of South Africa. The diaries were thought to be lost forever, and scholars from all parts of the world were anxious to find the text and plumb them for the wisdom contained therein. We're very grateful to Mitch Stryker of Silverlake for sending us the diaries after discovering them in the "Game Room" of an after-hours bondage club called *Daddy's Night Out*. Now that they've been made public domain, we're certain that these diaries will assume their rightful place among the great literary triumphs of this century: the translation of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the works of Miller, Hemingway, and Genet...and of course, the whole of the ex-Black Flagman's printed *oeuvre*....

**PARODY**

# THE LOST HENRY ROLLINS DIARIES

with a little help from jay sosnicki and tim appleman

1.2.93 Boarded plane for South Africa this morning after having a damn good cup of coffee. Some kids came up to me in the airport with pen and paper. Before they could say anything, I told them I was just like them, I'm just an asshole, I don't have any answers, and that they shouldn't put me on a pedestal. Turns out they were deaf and wanted me to draw a map to the toilets. I told them to fuck off. It seemed like the punk thing to do.

K. called me before I got on the plane. I splashed her tonsils a few weeks ago after she interviewed me on MTV (She said it tasted like Slim Fast®). It will be good to get away from her for a while. Ever since I appeared on her "Alternative Masturbation" show, I can't keep her snout out of my pants. How dare she like me. She just doesn't get it. If I'm not in the box, I'm penning one of my astoundingly self-revelatory books. I don't have time for *her* box too. K. says she is a virgin. Yeah, right. And Cindy Crawford is a lesbo.

Tonight I land in South Africa. A new challenge at last, a continent that hasn't felt the hatred in my soul. Greg thought I was crazy to perform here, but having grown up in D.C., I understand the black man. Hope I can find a good cup of coffee.

1.4.93 Fucked this groupie in Johannesburg last night. She wiped up my cum with a black GAP® tee shirt. I am wearing it now. I hate women, all they want to do is pet your dick like a huge, thick, veiny, high yield semen producing dog. How can they ever understand the complexities of my mind?

**NOTHING SACRED**

**LV.2.69**

POB 3516  
LA.CA.90078

Went hunting with the Zulus today. I was the spear boy (apparently this was a great honor - I got to wear the deluxe Walkman), following them around, observing the grace and power of their untouched primitive rituals. I couldn't help but notice their innate grace, as well as the sensual movement of their hard, voluptuous asses, big and juicy. Mental note: Increase glutes to twelve sets a day. After the hunt, I joined them for a sweat and bathing ritual. I finally took my clothes off and went in, breaking my cardinal rule of never undressing in front of other guys. A few of the men laughed and pointed. I guess they had never seen a waist this tiny before.

1.6.93 ME.

1.7.93 I was a black hole of hatred onstage tonight. The band was with me, the sweat poured, the features on my face were arranged to radiate an all-consuming rage. The little fucks seemed to buy it, so that should hold them til next time. The hate *really* started pumping when I returned to the hospitality

room. I specifically requested ziti in the pasta salad, instead they used *elbows*. Also the mineral waters were not chilled properly, the fruit had seeds, and the cheeses were too soft. Fuck! How much brain power does it take to know that *une plate de fromage* should be served at room temperature. Punk rock is war.

1.10.93 3 Sassy® Dreams by Henry.

- #1 That guy from the Lemonheads is my brother
- #2 I'm dying in a hospital Kim Gordon holds my colostomy bag I love her she squeezes it just right
- #3 I get dit whipped by Grrrs

1.12.93 I think maybe my writing is becoming too diverse.





1.13.93 Alone with my penis  
Thin Lizzy on the 8-Track  
I'm in the box again  
Oh that light bulb (I wish I could  
buy the light bulb company)  
I am Morrissey with testosterone  
A joke in search of a punch line

1.18.93 Read a review of our show in Sun City that said we "made Motorhead look like the Juilliard Quartet". Fuck them - I'll bet the Juilliard Quartet has never raked in 5K on tee shirts and merchandise. My raw instinct was right - the Rollins "Bar Code" temporary tattoos are flying out the door. Found a hip coffeehouse in Sun City (Why are there so many white people in Africa?) and did some spoken word with Charlie Sheen. I had no idea he was so cool. I always figured Emilio was cooler cause he stuck closer to his Latin roots, but I was wrong. My buddies warned me about that Viper Room crowd, but when I finally went there it was so real. The people there seemed to have a genuine grasp of my work. Johnny and Chuck E. want me to invest in their new venture, but my broker says I just took a beating on IBM, so fuck it.

Got another love letter from K. Why does she keep comparing my erection to a Cheetah®?

1.23.93 Got some relationship advice from Hubert Selby last night. You have to listen to Hubert because Hubert is "THE MAN". Hubert said I wouldn't under-

stand the advice until I was an impotent 65 year old man with a lesbian wife. I'll bide my time.

#### 1.24.93 4 CAFFEINE DREAMS

#1 I meet Nelson Mandela. I discover he is a big fan, and he greets me warmly. He says I'm a positive role model for all African youth. Throughout our meeting, he refers to me as Bandhu Shee-Wanna-Wanna. Our conversation is easy, but that doesn't surprise me - my love for the music of James Brown has shown the world that I'm down with the black man. As I leave, I find out that Bandhu Shee-Wanna-Wanna means "fat head" and that he had spit in my coffee.

#2 K. is dressed like Agarn from "F-Troop". She asks me to turn shit into a high carbo pasta treat. Try as I may, I cannot. Her disappointment is palpable.

#3 My jock straps have tapioca pudding in them instead of "Cruex®" - do I dare eat the powdered donuts?

#4 Charles Nelson Reilly blows me. I feel love.

1.26.93 I bumped my head on self doubt this morning. It raised quite a welt. Cold compresses help, but bitterness, like Beck, is omnipresent. Hubert thinks I've got too much free time on my hands (Well, Hubert is "THE MAN", so he's probably right). The script for the guest shot on Roseanne came today. It's called "Queer Bait". Sometimes she takes this liberation thing too far. Why won't Lydia Lunch return my phone calls?

1.27.93 Missed an opportunity to promote myself today. No phone in the jungle. My agent shipped me the prototypes on the lunch boxes. Great angle - The Henry Rollins "I Hate Lunch" Lunchbox. Mattel® is promising a huge advance, but they're backing off on the milk money points. Just as I won't compromise on my music, I will not compromise on those points. You gotta protect your interests in this shitty world. Mental note: Put receipts for K's birthday presents in the "Business Expense" file. There goes my beeper. Ciao.

1.30.93 Glad to be on my way back to the States. My time in Africa has given me an album's worth of things to hate. Got the script for my new film last night. This time I get to play a piece of yuppie scum - It's going to be a stretch. Between this, my appearance on Roseanne, and the 1995 GAP® Calendar, I should be able to put the down payment on the yacht. Just hope I can keep my edge. Maybe the guest vocal on the new Jimmy Buffet album was a bad move? As soon as the film is finished (A remake of *The Discreet Charm of The Bourgeoisie* - I've always wanted to work with Spielberg), it'll be time to get back in the Box again to face my biggest challenge yet. The band is going on a Club Med cruise with Regis and Kathie Lee. It'll be tough. All those aging blue hairs desiring me and their flabby limp-dick husbands envying me. Nothing I'm not used to. I continue on, a mere player in God's Movie. What else can I do? I am only a machine...

## WANT SOME HEAD?



**Hyperhead**  
*Metaphasia*  
51178-2

A dream date in knee-pads with ex-members of Gaye Bikers On Acid. Thrill Kill Kult, Killing Joke, Murder, Inc., Ministry. Features "Teenage Mind."



**Spongehead**  
*Brainwash*  
51181-2

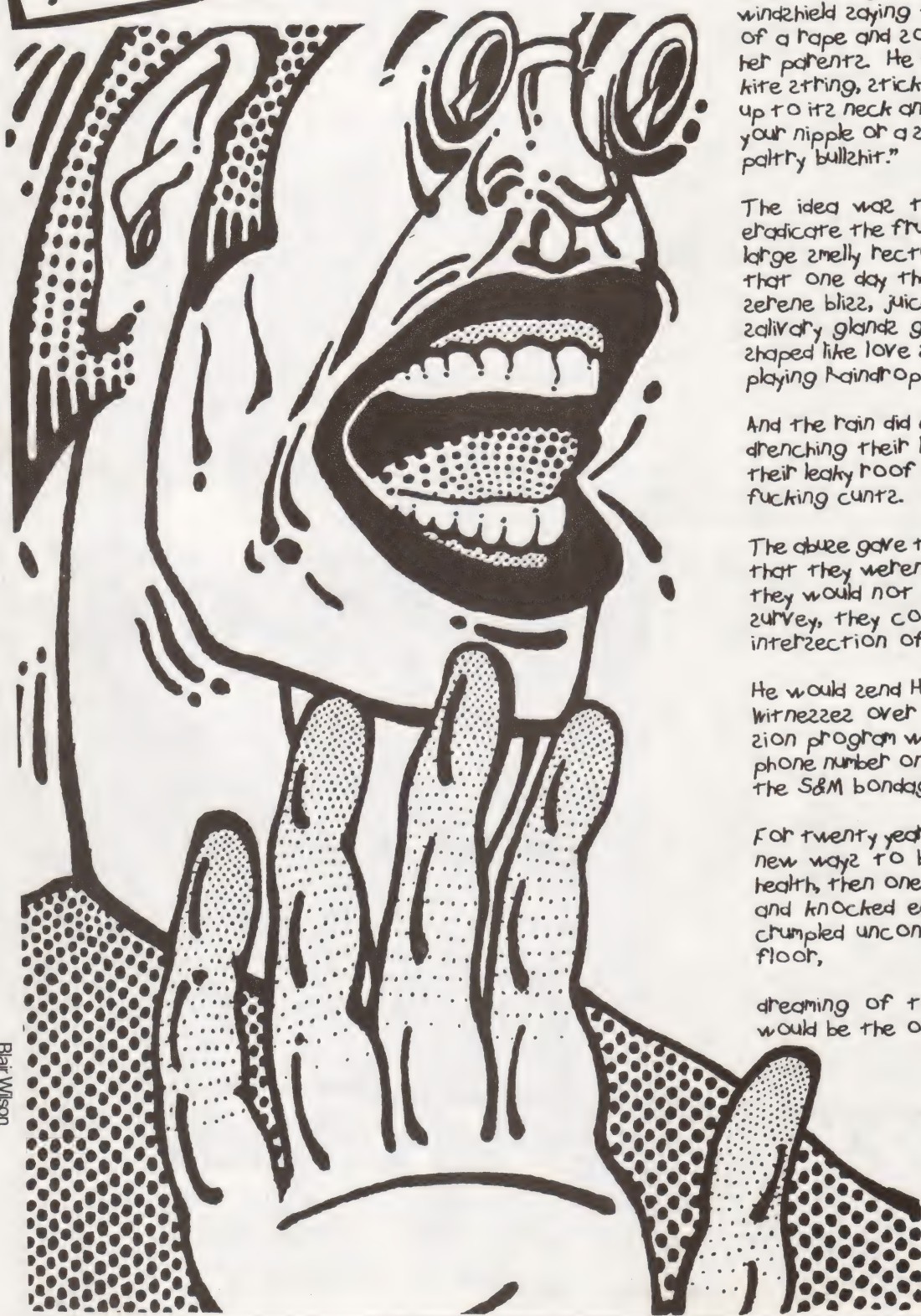
Brutal Brooklyn braintrust bites back with furious followup to dazzling debut! Sax and violence. Contains "Plumbers Lament" and "Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey."



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# you Fucking cunt



They kept the relationship fresh by greet-  
ing each other with "Hello, you fucking  
cunt."

Each morning she would rape notes to his  
windshield saying that he was the product  
of a rape and so was his mother and both  
her parents. He would wrap her palm in  
kite string, stick it in a bowl of guacamole  
up to its neck and teach it to say "Is that  
your nipple or a scab?" and "Your dreams are  
paltry bullshit."

The idea was that this hostility would  
eradicate the frustrations of living in this  
large smelly rectum that surrounds us, and  
that one day they could embrace, unite in  
serene bliss, juices and blood relocating,  
salivary glands glancing, with a music box  
shaped like love sitting on the night table  
playing Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head.

And the rain did come; it came in torrents,  
drenching their lawn and dripping through  
their leaky roof while they called each other  
fucking cunts.

The abuse gave them confidence and a sense  
that they weren't like everyone else, that  
they would not fit in in any demographical  
survey, they couldn't be described in any  
intersection of columns.

He would send Hare Krishna and Jehovah's  
witnesses over when her favorite televi-  
sion program was on; she wrote his work  
phone number on roller skate frequented by  
the S&M bondage crowd.

For twenty years they diligently thought up  
new ways to belittle in sickness and in  
health, then one day they got into a battle  
and knocked each other out, peacefully  
crumpled unconscious and bruised on the  
floor,

dreaming of the morning when kindness  
would be the only thing left to give.

- Eric Brown



# BILLY AND SATCHMO OR, YOU FUCKING CUNT II



"Good morning" said the black-eyed wife to the black-eyed husband and he replied the same. "Pleasant dreams?" asked man of woman and she replied oh yes.

They agreed that the dream could be realized and entering into a phase of prepositional beatitude, kissing with morning mucky-mouth, immune to stresses imposed by the job, impending war and economic collapse.

They taught sonnets to their parrot, walked together at midnight on hills overlooking the urban turmoil, and did away with pitiless coping mechanisms.

She sang to him in the voice of Billie Holiday "your cock is a non-stop cock, cock-a-doodle-do," he responded in the throat of Satchmo Armstrong "I feel at home in your henhouse."

All was well in Denmark and they even began to consider a child. The conclusive yes I said yes I will yes, the trophy of the Existential Insurrection the gob of spit in the face of an unloving God.

But the world laughed at them. The world flung shit at them. And they withstood it for a while.

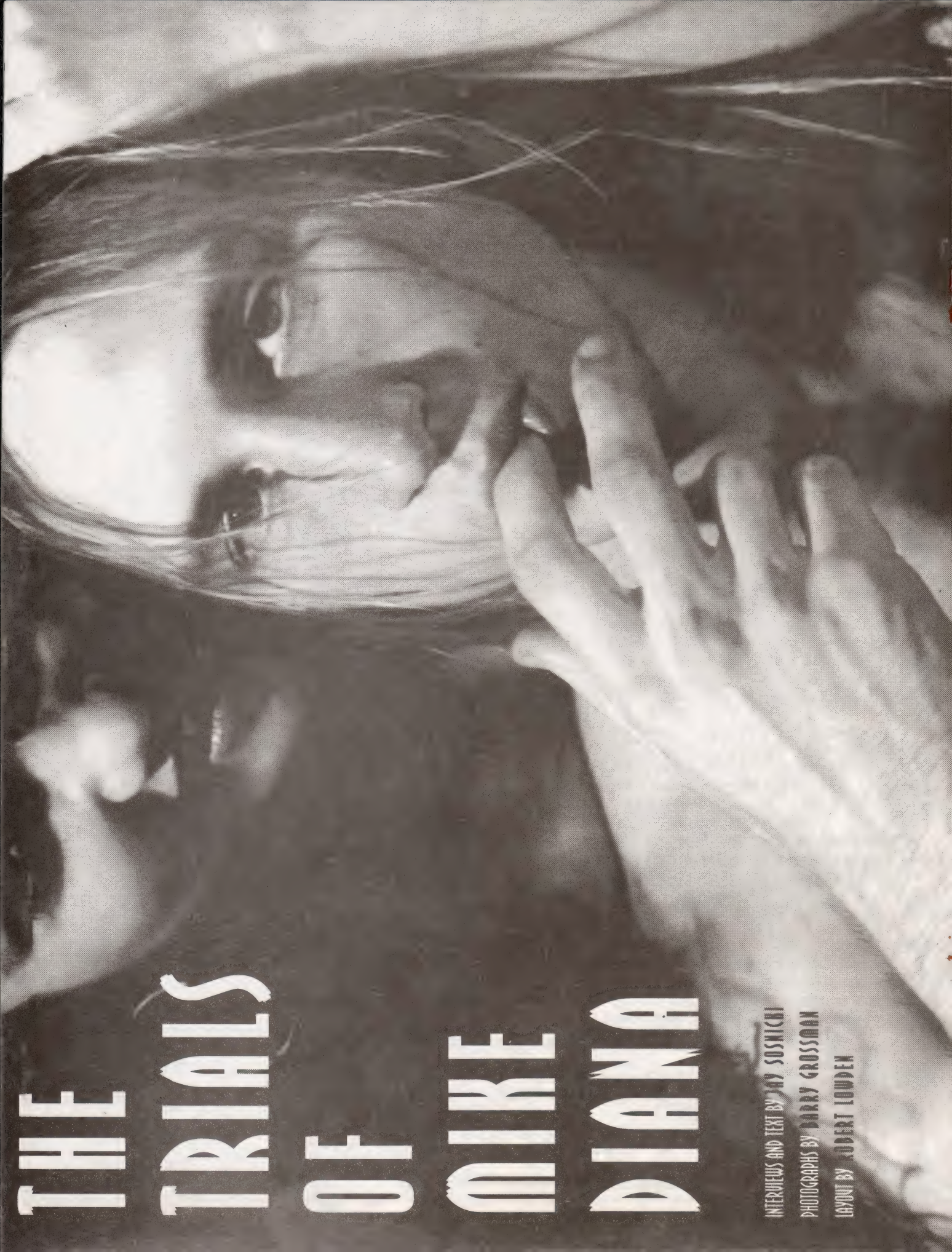
But like all products guaranteed to last a lifetime, they broke.

To avoid incarceration in a rubber Motel six, too unbroke to steal the right of the aforementioned unlover and take the brave way out, too weak to withstand the reproach for plagiarizing the Montague and Capulet kids, they reverted.

She drove home fast from work, as did he, and as the front ends of their cars collided at the mouth of the driveway, they leaped on their horns, zipped down the power windows, and screamed.

"Hello, you fucking cunt!"  
- Eric Brown





# THE TRIALS OF MIKE DIANA

INTERVIEWS AND TEXT BY **RAY SOHNICHI**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **DARRY GROSSMAN**

LAYOUT BY **ROBERT LOWDEN**





# YES, WE DO BURN WITCHES, AND YES, WE DO CRUCIFY OUR OWN

- GARTH GRINDE, BARROOM BARD, ON THE DAY OF MICHAEL DIANA'S CONVICTION

I spoke to Michael Diana the night before I left for New Orleans. He was days away from his trial for three counts of obscenity. The case was something of a cause célèbre, stemming from a single sale of his comic zine BOILED ANGEL, an insane pastiche of rants, fiction, and Diana's own hysterical and grotesque cartoon art. It's hard stuff, with subject matter leaning toward serial murder, child rape, and Jesus bashing, all depicted with blood and jizz-drenched glee in Diana's simple cartoon style. It ain't for all tastes, but you would think its blend of graphic sickness and satire would be protected by the First Amendment. The Defense and Diana's supporters regarded the charges more as an expensive and time-consuming inconvenience than a genuine cause for alarm. Another point in the Defense' favor was that the charges were brought about through entrapment - the sale that Diana is being charged for was to an undercover cop posing as a zine artist. This alone seemed to guarantee a fast trial and acquittal. I said my good-byes to Mike, wishing him luck and telling him I'd call in my congratulations when I got back.



What I got upon my return was an hysterical call from his girlfriend, Suzy. The preceding Friday, Michael had been convicted on all three counts, and thrown in jail for the weekend. The sentencing that followed the following Monday was harsh: some \$3000 in fines, 3 years probation, community service, and mandatory psychiatric evaluation/treatment (At the Diana's expense). In addition, a stayaway order was issued that prevents Michael from consorting with minors, and he is subject to search at anytime by the Salvation Army (!) to insure that he is no longer producing artworks that might break down the moral fibre of the community. I kicked myself for my earlier cavalier attitude. It was further proof that in the 90's, one should never assume that Constitutional Rights are absolutely inviolate.

The Diana case is an example in miniature of what the American judicial system has come to: law as a hustle where reality is lost in a quagmire of loopholes, special interest groups, media overload, and the insulting rhetoric of the criminal-as-victim. Censorship cases are particularly tricky, because the issues are not concrete. When something is a matter of taste in court, your fate rests entirely on how much of a hotshot your lawyer was on the high school debating team. Florida vs. Diana resurrects many issues, most obviously the broken record rhetoric of *Art vs. Obscenity*. But the question that screams out most for an answer is this: Why waste time and tax dollars on suppressing a comic book in a state where violent crime and drug trade are more prolific than cockroaches? Florida is not exactly renowned for it's progressive attitudes - remember, this was the State that wanted to put Jim Morrison behind bars for *allegedly* exposing his weenie on-stage.

Michael Diana began publishing BOILED ANGEL in 1989, clandestinely running off the copies on the xerox machine at the Pinellas County School Board, where he worked as a janitor. He knocked off several issues without incident, until one evening when a page got caught in the guts of the machine. It was found the next day by the key operator and Diana was summarily fired. A short time later, Diana and his mother were visited at their home by Federal officers sporting copies of BOILED ANGEL #6. They informed Diana that he was a suspect in the Gainesville campus murders, as

some of the stories in the zine were reflective of several of the murder scenes. No arrest was made, but it was strongly suggested, according to Michael, that he not publish BOILED ANGEL anymore. Diana briefly considered the officer's warning, but since it was clearly a matter of free speech, he decided to plow on. After all, only a dozen or so of the current issue (print run @200) had been sold, and none in Pinellas County. Yet.

Michael had begun receiving mail from an avid fan of BOILED ANGEL, who claimed he wanted to contribute to the zine. Diana started a correspondence, but was suspicious of the letter writer's pushy, "I'm down with the underground" stance. Eventually he sold the zine, and it was passed on to the Assistant State Attorney's office, where it floundered until 1993. Enter Assistant State District Attorney Stuart Baggish, who brought about the three misdemeanor charges of publishing, distributing, and advertising obscene material. The charges generated a good deal of regional publicity, causing a furor with local watchdog groups over BOILED ANGEL - of course, most of these groups had never seen or read the zine.

The State clearly meant business now, and Diana, who's only visible means of

income was as a clerk in his father's convenience store, was in need of help. Enter Luke Lirot, who was already familiar with the case when approached by the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund to act as Michael's defense attorney. Armed with a strong background in Florida 1st Amendment law (skin mags, video, dancers, etc), he and his associates grabbed the bull by the balls and leapt into the fray confident of a victory.

What follows are interviews with all three major players - Michael Diana, Defense Attorney Luke Lirot, and Prosecuting Attorney Stuart Baggish. As an underground publisher, it's tough to be objective in a case like this. Law is a filthy business, and, for my money, the desire to *be* a lawyer is often indicative of a soul in the advanced stages of decay. However, both Luke Lirot and Stuart Baggish were forthcoming in discussing the case, and willing to give me whatever time I needed, and I thank them both. Luke Lirot was the earthier of the pair - he doesn't have the detachment, the calculated patter one might expect from a lawyer. His energy and very strong personal feeling about the case were reminiscent of someone protecting his kid brother. Baggish is more the lawyer's lawyer in conversation - precise, with a myriad





of legal quotes and footnotes tucked into every sentence to back up his statements. He was ready for any question I had for him, and squirmed out of the dicier ones before I could blink. I don't doubt that he is a formidable opponent in the courtroom.

And what of Michael Diana? All along, the man with the most to lose has had the least to say. The underground press for the most part has treated this case very superficially, with the usual sloganeering of Diana as Freedom Fighter, blahblahblah. It's all crap. Certainly he has solid brass balls for not accepting a plea bargain, but he has never stooped to anything as cheesy as playing the martyr - I doubt that being the First Amendment poster boy ever entered his head. I think what Michael Diana wants is simply to be left alone to do his work and be with his girlfriend (and soon-to-be wife) Suzy. Although Pinellas County refuses to admit it, sometimes horror is the straightest path to the truth. Read on.

## LUKE LIROT

JAY: What was your strategy during the trial?

LIROT: We figured the best thing to do was have them look at this stuff right off the bat. We made the jury look at it, and I thought a couple of the women on the jury were going to vomit because the stuff was so graphic. So we said, alright, now you've seen it, you've been emotionally changed by looking at this,

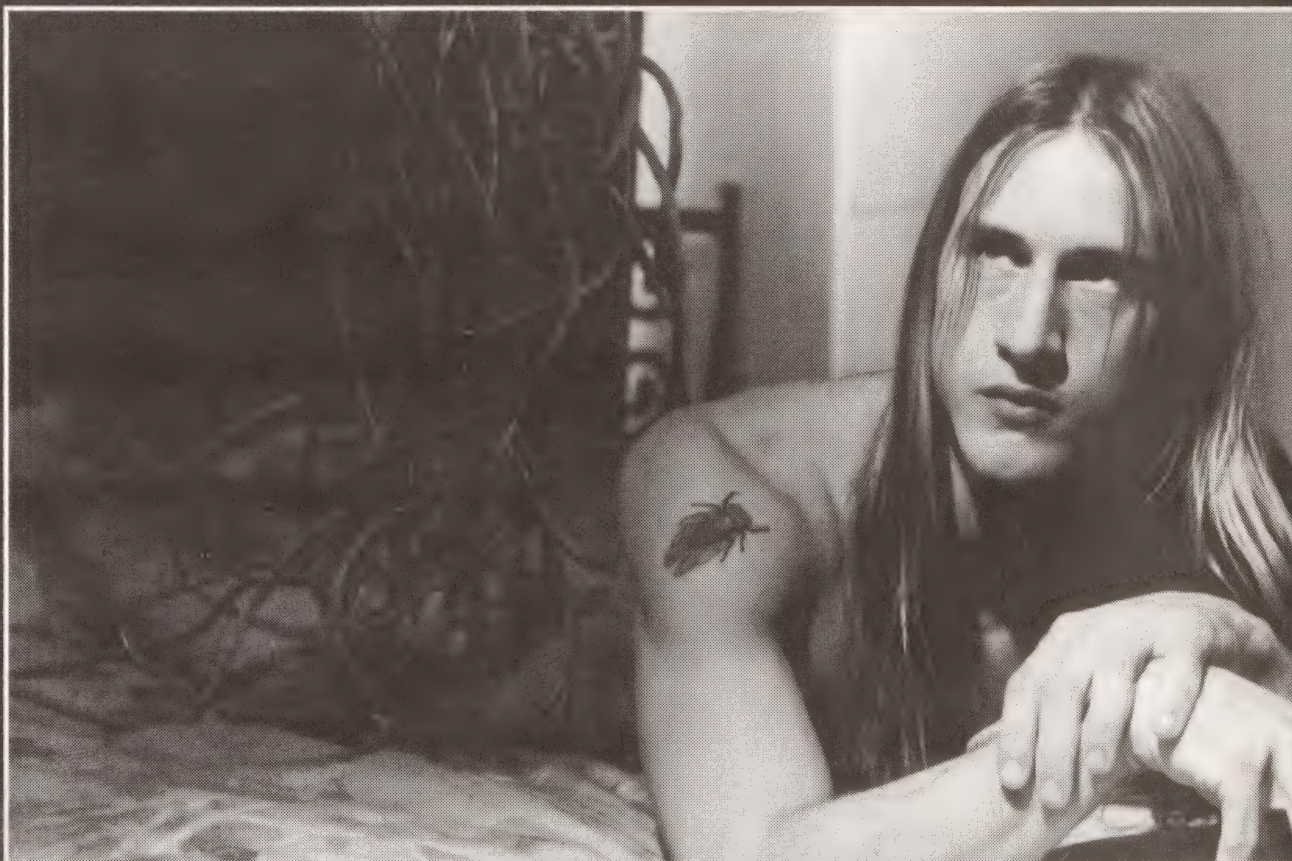
and *this is why*. We really beat them up during the trial. Now, in a criminal case in Florida, if you put on any other witness other than the defendant, you "lose the sandwich". What that means is that you don't get to make the final closing argument. There are three closing arguments - the State starts, then we get ours, then they get a rebuttal. Saved for the (State's) rebuttal was all the innuendoes that this guy is sick, that his work inspires serial killings, etc. So that's one of our components of our motion for a new trial - that they basically included all this stuff just to inflame and torment the jury. Also, I felt that it was disrespectful that during my closing argument, the judge took a break when I was really starting to pump. I could tell by the faces of the jurors that they were starting to change their mind. I said, look, this is ugly stuff - it's graphic, it's disgusting, but it's a clear indication of what really happens when kids get molested by priests, or when we have date rapes or any number of these horrible social currents. But if you read about it in the paper, all you do is gloss it over. You look at Michael Diana's work, you don't forget how horrible this is, and that was his intent as an artist.

JAY: Were there any media people on the jury, or anyone familiar with underground stuff like this?

LIROT: Not at all. (Pinellas County is) a popular retirement destination. So most of the people that can actually stick around for jury duty are older retired people, certainly no zine artists. The closest we came was the editor of a school newspaper, and unfortunately the State asked that he be excused. The way it works is this - each side gets three bumps, three peremptory challenges. So if I just don't like somebody, I'll say Judge I'd like to excuse Juror number three. So if you get six people in a row on your panel that are all devout Baptists, you've had it, because you've got to use your first three strikes to get rid of them. It puts anybody in this kind of cutting edge atmosphere at an extreme disadvantage...

JAY: What's your take on his work, outside the case?

LIROT: I was personally very offended by it, until he explained the purpose behind it. After he did that, I realized that I needed



"IF EVERYBODY WERE MORE LIKE ME THERE WOULD BE PEACE IN THE WORLD."

MIKE DIANA



to use a little artistic discipline myself and go beyond the initial shock response into the who, what, where, when, why...

JAY: Will you seek out his work in the future?

LIROT: I would be curious. As far as I'm concerned, no matter how offended I am by the work, I know where the waste basket is. Under no circumstances would I presume that I have the right to tell somebody else that they can't read it. Or that because it contains confrontational imagery that it's going to inspire somebody else to commit a criminal act. I think that's absolutely invalid. The State Attorney's office forced six times as many people to look at BOILED ANGEL than Mike Diana ever did.

JAY: The only problem I had with BOILED ANGEL was publishing GJ Schaeffer's fiction. I'm not into giving attention to or lionizing criminals. The only reason it's in there is because it is Schaeffer, he's a famous serial killer. But the writing was shit.

LIROT: I think that was something Mike included just because it's human nature to be curious about that kind of thing. I don't know that that was the social statement type of thing that inspired his work, but it certainly was akin to his work in zines. I think he included those stories because some of the pictures he did were basically



symbolic of serial killers. He has one big monster that says *Serial Killer*, and this guy's bigger than the whole city, like Godzilla - and Michael said: "This is what I think of serial killers. There's not very many of them, and yet we have this phenomenal preoccupation with them, and they just overshadow all the other crimes. Cigarettes kill more people than serial killers." It was that kind of thing that I felt justified it. I can't say whether it's good art or bad art, but I do know that it fills the primary goal of any artist - to cause an emotional response. This guy is up there pretty high on the Richter Scale of artistic emotion.

JAY: What do you think was the source of the State's zeal over this case? Was it pure politics, or do you think it was a genuine concern?

LIROT: Let me tell you what I think. They got ahold of this stuff in 1991. Nobody in the State Attorney's office filed charges until 1993. That means that at least three or four Assistant State Attorney's looked at this and probably said *this is gross, but hey this is America, throw it away* - until a gentleman by the name of Stuart Baggish came along. He's somebody that I consider to have felt deep offense, because I'm sure he's got strong religious values that Mike Diana's work frontally assaulted. As far as juries in Pinellas County go, he probably felt he had a lock on a conviction. I think it was a combination of personal offense and - I don't want to say unbridled ambition - but certainly a degree of ambition. Subsequent to the trial he has been promoted from the misdemeanor to the felony division. So if that was his intent, he was successful.

JAY: Do you think he played dirty?


LIROT: I respect him as a human being, but I disagree with a lot of his ideology. I felt that he was somewhat contemptuous in the way he took things out of context in his final closing argument, placing Michael in a light he

knew Michael didn't belong in. There was a remark to the effect that this type of material might go over in *the crack alleys of New York, or in the bath houses of San Francisco...* But prosecutors do that - you do what you can to win. Now I know he thinks this stuff appeals to the sexual sadist, the deviant, but I don't buy that argument. I've been at this a lot longer, I've read hundreds of psychological studies. The State found a hired gun psychologist that got up there and said well, *you start with (comics like) this, then this gets boring, then you want to go out and do the real thing.* But I could look at this stuff for a hundred years, eight hours a day, and under no circumstances would I go out and cut the head off of a nun. That's the whole flaw with censorship.

One of the writers that sat through the trial wrote a letter to the State Attorney's office that said hey, if you send Mike Diana for psychiatric evaluation because of his work, you better send all the jury, all the expert witnesses and all four attorneys for evaluation, because they saw it too. And either you don't *believe* it with regard to Mike Diana, or you're *negligent* as it pertains to these other people.







JAY: Mike told me that up until the jury came back, no one really believed he would be found guilty.

LIROT: Of all the cases I've ever tried, I've never been more disappointed with a verdict. Never more pleased with our performance as a defense team, but never more disappointed with a verdict. Because I felt we made our point beyond the call of duty. As unlikely as they were, I gave that jury enough credit to know that (Baggish) was pulling a fast one on them. Trying to persuade them with trickery, inflammation and deceit - and I guess they went for it.

Another thing working against us was that jury didn't go out until six o'clock on a Friday night, and characteristically, juries don't stay out real long when they've been in trial all week (laughs). This was a tough trial. It's not like *LA Law* where you can wrap up six cases in an hour - it's long, it's boring, a lot of it is technical argument with the jury being brought in and out (all day long). It got a little heated at times...

JAY: Given the heaviness of the circumstances, and what the community was probably expecting from the judge, did you feel that the sentence was lenient?

LIROT: I felt that because Mr. Diana had availed himself of a week of the court's time, and was unsuccessful, I thought they were going to be a little harder on him. I thought he was going to be a little harder on him. The sentencing phase of the trial was entirely my responsibility. I had his Mom and Dad come, people from the community, and basically said, look Judge, we may not have *won*, but you've got to respect this kid's intestinal fortitude for standing up to this. The judge responded in a way that reflected more the concerns of the community than any of the real evidence. I mean, here the kid can't draw or write anything of an obscene nature, I think that's going a little too far. He's subject to unannounced searches by the Salvation Army to see that he's not drawing pictures he shouldn't draw. There's a little bit of an Orwellian *1984* theme to that that kind of bugs me. In addition to that, I felt that the psychological counseling and the stayaway order that he can't be near anyone under eighteen years old was a kneejerk reaction. Nothing came out of the trial to show that this guy in any way participated in any of the activities he depicted. Not by any stretch of the imagination.

"EVERY PROBLEM I HAVE HAS BEEN CREATED BY  
SOMEONE ELSE, NOT FROM ANYTHING I'VE DONE"

MIKE DIANA

But I think that the Judge felt that the depth of the imagery was indicative of someone deeply troubled, in fact he said on the record *I see an angry young man*. I don't think he was able to dis-





associate the imagery from the human being. But knowing Mr. Diana as I have grown to know him, I don't think the guy would hurt a fly. I think in his mind (the judge) felt that anybody that draws stuff this harsh might be inclined

to do it, and I was a bit disappointed by that. I think he did the best he could coming up with something that looked like he was being harsh about punishment without giving him any actual jail time.

JAY: Do you think Mike is an artist we're going to be hearing from for a long time to come, or is just being singled out at a time when zines are challenging the limits of what can be published and distributed?

LIROTE: Well, I think to some extent this is kind of the 2-Live Crew syndrome. I think if Michael Diana had not been fingered for this particular "crime", so to speak, it's likely no one would ever have heard of him, other than a small zine crowd. Now he's nationally known, and he's perceived as something of a martyr. The bottom line is, this man spent time in jail for an idea that came out of his head, worked its way down his arm and into his *pen* - and in America, you're just not supposed to be able to punish people for that. I think it's indicative of the American theme of trying to kill the messenger. Here's this kid, he sees some problems, he draws the pictures, and all of a sudden it's suggested that the *imagery* is actually the *action*, and that just isn't the way it is.

But I think we are going to hear more from Michael Diana. This is something that's going to be an inspiration for him artistically, because his theme is victimization, and now he's become a victim himself. So the State, by trying to crucify this poor kid, has galvanized the artistic community. The backlash has been phenomenal, and the outrage has been consistent with people that - regardless of whether or not they like Michael Diana's work - they are aware of the true principles of fundamental American freedom. It's the obligation of the artist to explore the cutting edge, and if we're going to punish those that experiment in that area and are unsuccessful in the eyes of a perceived majority, then we're never going to grow artistically...or socially.

## STUART BAGGISH

JAY: I guess the first thing I'm curious about is whether any of the backlash from the case has made you rethink any of your positions?

BAGGISH: No, not all. Actually, the only negative input that I've sensed has been from the media, and I view their interest is precisely that - a vested interest. I think it's an alarmist view toward the issue of obscenity, that it somehow threatens them, and I think that's an unrealistic view. We've received a torrent of mail and phone calls very much in support of the prosecution and the verdicts.

JAY: The two most obvious criticisms of the Prosecution in this case is that you are bullying an easy target, and that you've made Mike's work more recognized than it would have ever been if you'd just left it alone...

BAGGISH: No, I don't feel that way, and I'll tell you why. Prosecuting Michael Diana did not bring his work, or Michael as a "celebrity" to anybody's attention. That was all done by the media reporting on the subject - I would have been perfectly happy to have tried Michael Diana in the middle of a cave in the New Mexico desert with nobody else around.

Now, as far as whether this was picking on some type of small fry. The County courts don't have any jurisdiction to hear anything but misdemeanors in the criminal realm. So, as far as the contention that there are real criminals out there committing much more dangerous crimes, yes there are a number of murderers and rapists, but they cannot be prosecuted at the County Court level even if we wanted to. The way I've looked at it from the very start is that Michael Diana violated the laws of the state of Florida. I am sworn to uphold the laws of the state of Florida, and I don't pick and choose which of those laws I will and will not enforce.

JAY: Yes, you're suppressing work that only a handful of people would read anyway.

BAGGISH: The only person who said it was sold to only one person in Pinellas

County, to a sheriff's detective, was Michael Diana. That was the only transaction that we were prosecuting him upon. We didn't investigate, because it would have been surplusage and waste to go out and beat the bushes (to find other copies), because one sale constitutes a violation of the law if the matter is obscene.

JAY: Do you subscribe to the view that Michael's work is merely a reaction to things he's seen in the media?

BAGGISH: Oh no, not at all. He's made quite a bit of that in his appearances on talk shows around here - saying that he's been responding to issues of social importance. The issues he's speaking of - serial murder, rapes, incest, that sort of thing - are subjects that he is personally unfamiliar with. He's not relating the details of someone who was himself victimized by one of those insidious offenses. What he says is that he got his information was from the media - but (if that's the case), so are millions of others, and there is no need for him to put up a front for publishing this sort of material. If he wants to (address these issues) further, he can do so. But he can't do so with





"IN BOILED ANGEL THERE WERE DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL SERIAL KILLER. THAT IS NOT SATIRE, IT'S NOT PARODY, IT'S VERY TECHNICAL ADVICE ON HOW TO GET AWAY WITH CRIME"

STUART BAGGISH

the promulgation of obscenity.

JAY: How can there be a "proper" way of expressing angst over these issues? That's the way these feelings come out of Mike, so is it right to scapegoat him just because his vision isn't pretty?

BAGGISH: The people of the community in which it is distributed decide according to community standards. In any obscenity case, the jury is instructed upon the standard of obscenity contained in the US Supreme Court case of Miller vs California. They were given printed instructions of what obscenity is, the three prongs of the Miller test. The first two prongs depend on what the community will tolerate - if it's patently offensive in its portrayal of sexual conduct, patently offensive according to the contemporary community standards of Pinellas County. The second prong is if it appeals to a prurient interest in sex. What these hurdles insure are the rights of the people of Pinellas County to not have to live in conditions that are imposed upon them by more avant-garde, more liberal or tolerant groups.

JAY: Why must the expression of more tolerant people be limited - why not broaden the tolerance of more limited individuals? Certainly, Mike's comics are not designed to stimulate people sexually...

BAGGISH: (Cuts me off) That is a presupposition that you're making that is in fact incorrect -

JAY: (Cutting him off) Wrong, sir. I've read the books. Sure they're gross, but the

content is pure parody and sick humor.

BAGGISH: The point behind the Miller standard is to preserve the climate of values that exist against infringement by other, more liberal, more tolerant, typically more populated urban centers, so that small towns don't have to put up with the same sort of goings on as the larger cities - what I would submit is the moral depravity of the larger cities. A person who lives in Pinellas County should not be forced to live in a xeroxed copy of San Francisco, California.

JAY: What does that mean, a xerox copy of San Francisco? Aren't you making presuppositions?

BAGGISH: I think it's a safe presupposition that San Francisco is one of the more, uh...

JAY: Permissive?

BAGGISH: One of the more permissive regions of the country. I think it's something that anybody would have to take notice of, that there's a little more guarded sense of values in the smaller towns...

JAY: Okay, but you haven't addressed my question - why can't Mike publish for the few people that want to look beyond those community standards...

BAGGISH: That again is based on the presumption that this was the only sale in Pinellas County that Michael Diana had ever done, and that is not necessarily the truth...

JAY: Well, let's say twenty. Or a hundred. If that target group gets a kick out of it, why should they be prevented from having it?

BAGGISH: Just because they get a kick out of it does not mean they should be able to enjoy that kick out of it where in fact it violates the laws of the state. A lot of people seem to get a kick out of using cocaine, but it's against the law. The same thing goes for obscenity. It's something that would have to be taken up with the Supreme Court, because that is the body that handed down the obscenity standard with Miller vs. California, and that is the law of the land. I looked at the material, and I felt very confident in my mind that my predilections toward the material were in fact correct. It was obscene, it could be proven obscene, and I prosecuted simply because it violated the laws of the state of Florida.

JAY: Is it true that your office had

"I CAN'T SAY WHETHER IT'S GOOD ART OR BAD ART, BUT I DO KNOW THAT IT FULLFILLS THE PRIMARY GOAL OF ANY ARTIST - TO CAUSE AN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE."

LUKE LIROT



possession of the comics since 1991?

BAGGISSE: Not the State Attorney's office... The Sheriff's office received copies of it in 1991.

JAY: When did your office receive it?

BAGGISSE: I don't have the information in front of me, I can't give you a date.

JAY: The reason I ask is, if this material was being passed around at different levels, if it was so flagrantly in violation of the law, why didn't someone else charge him sooner?

BAGGISSE: The reason it took as much time as it did, is because there are considerable impediments to the prosecution of such a case. The law enforcement community involved with the investigation had a lot of "c's" to cross and "i's" to dot to insure that Michael Diana's Constitutional rights were not violated. I can't understand why, in the course of the trial that the Defense tried to make some type of a point of the fact that it took a bit of time - it sounded as if they were complaining that the law enforcement people involved *did not* violate his Constitutional rights. You can't have your cake and eat it too.

JAY: Do you feel that it's Constitutional that part of Mike's sentence is that he can't draw anything that the State might interpret as obscene?

BAGGISSE: Well, that actually is not part of the sentence. The sentence is that he cannot *publish* materials which would be considered obscene. What I would analogize that to is say somebody is convicted of a drug trafficking offense. Part of their sentence is routinely that they are subject to random urinalysis to insure that they garner some rehabilitative benefit from the sentence, which is what Judge Fullerton was looking for. It is merely to maximize the rehabilitative benefit of the sentence...

JAY: Do you think it's right to equate art with crime?

BAGGISSE: (Testily cutting me off) I don't think it's fair to equate *art* with crime, I think it is more than fair to equate what Michael Diana has generated in BOILED ANGEL, #7 and 8 with crime. That is not art,

that is obscene. It's the opinion of the people of Pinellas county, and that was the entire crux of the case.

JAY: Outside of the case, what were your personal feelings about the stuff?

BAGGISSE: I thought it was absolutely the most disgusting stuff I've ever seen.

JAY: Were you personally, morally offended by it?

BAGGISSE: I think anyone of reasonable conscience would be. Obviously, I would be concerned about children's access to the materials. I also felt that it was something that would tend to diminish the integrity of the way of life of Pinellas county.

JAY: Are you pleased with the outcome of the case?

BAGGISSE: I am very satisfied with the outcome of the case, and I am confident that it will withstand appeal. In fact, I'm looking forward to the appeals, because with each appeal it will affect a broader and broader geographic region. In affirmance at the United States Supreme Court, it will affect the entire nation. When I say affect, I don't mean it will affect individual community standards. What I mean is that



the interpretation of obscenity law reached in the various appellate courts will be mandatory legal authority in those geographic regions.

JAY: Do you think it's right that some people, marginal a group as it might be, will not have the opportunity to take a look at this material and decide for themselves whether they wish to read it?

BAGGISSE: Actually, I think that is an alarmist perspective. The result of the verdict



is not that nobody will be able to look at it and see it. (In the case of Miller vs.

California), the Supreme Court wrote an opinion *defining* obscenity, which was previously an area of the law that was very hard to get a handle on. Now, Florida vs. Diana may well end up going to the U.S. Supreme Court, and they may choose to expand upon the definition of obscenity or they may limit Miller vs. California in such a way that the definition is further whittled down and focused for the legal community. It will result in a definition of obscenity that is applicable and is mandatory throughout the entire nation. That's not the same as saying that once it goes to the U.S. Supreme Court and is affirmed as obscene, that in, say, New





York City, you won't be able to view or buy **BOILED ANGEL**. You may well be able to, because it will all ways depend on what the community standards

are. The jury (was instructed) to consider what the community standards of today are, in light of tolerances that have developed over the years, all of that is taken into consideration automatically. It's not some parochial, locked into the 1950's standard of right and wrong. It may well be time for the U.S. Supreme Court - it's been 21 years since *Miller vs. California* was handed down - it may well be time to expand upon it, or to limit it.

JAY: Legalities aside, do you feel that Mike Diana and his work are dangerous?

BAGGISSE: I think he...is a remarkably disingenuous person insofar that he claims that he is a victim's advocate, and I think that there's a lot more going on beneath the veneer. His defense that he was just trying to call to light a number of victim's issues was, in my mind, and in the mind of the jury, absurd. (In **BOILED ANGEL** #7) there were directions on how to be a successful serial killer. That is not satire, it's not parody, it's very technical advice on how to get away with crime. I think that piece is very interesting, because that shows that Michael Diana has completely confused the role of the perpetrator with the victim. I think he sees the perpetrator as being a victim when he gets caught, so he wants to help make sure the perpetrator does not get caught. At the end of the opening prose in **BOILED ANGEL** #8, it ends with the three words "kill", "fuck", and "eat", followed by a series of exclamation points. Now that is the imperative, an exhortation. Commanding people to kill is not commensurate with victim's rights.

JAY: Stuart, no one without a screw loose to begin with is going to read that magazine and go out and hurt someone.

BAGGISSE: And the testimony of Dr. Marin was that the target audience were people who *do* have a screw loose, that are not reasonable, they are in fact sexual sadists. They look at this as an approbation - there's someone else out there who feels the same way - and it emboldens them. I'm not saying that Michael Diana's work is *the* cause of crime - I think in certain instances it could be *a* cause of crime. A contributor to motivations toward criminal conduct, and I don't think we need any more contributing causes.



I think there's a problem anytime people start looking at things and saying *well it's not the cause of crime, so we must accept it...* If something serves only to make the world more ugly and have a contributing effect toward crime, it serves no beneficial purpose. Then it's something that's not worthy in my mind of approval.

As far as your characterization of it being ridiculous that it could spur people on to commit criminal acts...I wish you could have been there at the trial to listen to the testimony of Dr. Sidney Baron, because he's an eminent forensic psychologist. Just a week (before testifying at the Diana trial) he was on Court TV testifying at the sentencing for Danny Rolling (*The Gainesville Campus*

*Murderer - Jay*). In the course of his interviews he learned that Danny Rolling started out getting his jollies looking at the same sort of thing as **BOILED ANGEL**, and when simple drawings weren't enough he moved on to photographs and such things as snuff films. When that wasn't enough he had no place to go but to create those scenes in reality to get closer to the fantasies that were going on in his twisted mind. Imagine if you will someone like Richard Speck or Ted Bundy being caught and investigated, and it's revealed that he was producing materials such as **BOILED ANGEL**. The outcry would be resonant and deafening. It would be *why didn't somebody do something sooner?* In this case, somebody did.

JAY: What if you're wrong? There's no evidence to suggest that Michael is dangerous in any way.

BAGGISSE: That's not the impression I came away with after speaking with some neighbors who lived across the street from him who complained about him leaving copies of **BOILED ANGEL** on their doorstep for their five and seven year old daughters to find, who told me that they saw him in the backyard committing acts of cruelty against cats. I think the presentation that he gives as this shy, withdrawn, innocuous fellow lures people into believing he is incapable of antisocial conduct.

I don't have a crystal ball. I'm not going to adopt a wait-and-see approach. *Let it slide, we'll wait and see if he does that again.* A wait-and-see approach is going to get no approval when bodies start turning up. The last time an official law enforcement wait-and-see approach was put into prominent action, the city of Los Angeles almost burned down. Wait-and-see





approaches in law enforcement simply do not work.

JAY: Okay...What if Mike was unbalanced in some way. Don't you think that taking away his creative outlet will only exacerbate any existing emotional problems?

BAGGISIE: Now he's in court ordered psychiatric counseling.

JAY: What if he's going to do it regardless?

BAGGISIE: It can't hurt him - at least he will be subject to scrutiny.

JAY: What if he is merely somebody who gets out his angst and aggression through this comic book, with no intention of harming anyone?

BAGGISIE: Well, he can continue to publish *BOILED ANGEL*, just so long as it's not obscene. That leads to another issue, the censorship issue, which *this is not*. The State hasn't censored anything - all we did was put the ball in the court for the people of Pinellas county to play with, and they decided that the community standards would not tolerate things of this sort. (In the jury selection of) a misdemeanor case, each side is afforded three peremptory challenges - you can strike somebody without having to articulate a reason. The Defense asked for, and was given extra strikes without the State objecting. We wanted them to get a jury they felt comfortable with. They were very well satisfied with the neutrality and the fairness of the jury that presided over this case, and the jury simply decided it was obscene under the law. The Defense got more than a fair shake at it, because the State, as in any criminal case, has the burden of proving it beyond a reasonable doubt. And *still*, the verdict was guilty. You said you were from a small town. Would you at this stage in your life move back to that small town that you came from?

JAY: No. Absolutely not.

BAGGISIE: I think that tends to prove the presupposition that I earlier made about the small town way of life. The people of Pinellas County have decided to live in Pinellas county, rather than a place such as Los Angeles. And they are entitled to preserve the integrity of the way of life in that community.

JAY: Do you consider yourself a crusader?



BAGGISIE: I consider myself a public servant.

## MICHAEL DIANA

Interview by Lisa Carver

LISA CARVER: Are you homosexual?

MIKE DIANA: No...I like guys or girls - if they're cute. I got a girlfriend now.

LISA: Do you have any desire to have children?

MIKE: I have been thinking about it

'cause I don't want what I'm all about to die off. I know there's a lot of bastards out there that [are reproducing] that don't deserve to live anyway. I know I'm worthy of life, so I figure I might as well have kids too.

LISA: You seem obsessed with the fertilization process in your comics. The wall paper designs and the blood drips look like sperm; egg and sperm are shown joining as a little boy is fucked to death; a new mother is tortured and raped and then tricked with drugs into cooking her infant. It seems like you're grossed out by reproduction yet also attracted to it.

MIKE: I think it's just the confusion of what life's supposed to be all about—whether people should keep reproducing or not. 'Cause there's a bunch of assholes out there that don't do anything for anybody.

LISA: Have you ever attempted suicide?

MIKE: No, not really. I've thought about it, but I don't want to give anyone the satisfaction.

LISA: What, do all these people want you dead?

MIKE: [laughs] I'd rather stay alive and try to cause trouble through my art or whatever I do, and hopefully corrupt some other people and make people realize they have the right to do whatever it is they're doing. Like the State of Florida telling me I'm not s'posed to draw this or that.

LISA: The mere threat of censorship catapulted you into fame—or at least gave you a ton more than you had before. And most of the inspiration for your art comes from your hatred of what other people have created—like Catholicism. What do you *like* all on your own? [long pause] Murder?

MIKE: I don't think I have enough guts to kill anybody myself. I don't like violence in real life. I don't even like boxing on TV. But if it were up to me, there's a lot of people I'd like to kill, to see dead. But the reality of it is I can't kill them because I'd get thrown in jail, and in prison my life would be more



miserable than it is now.

LISA: Well, if you take away everything you hate and you take away the censorship that's getting you all these interviews, what do you have left?

MIKE: I'm glad that the censorship got me noticed. When I started out, I wanted to piss people off. I wanted a reaction. And the State of Florida got mad enough to press charges, so I accomplished what I wanted.

LISA: What's your relationship like with your girlfriend? You describe yourself as such an angry man, but I wonder if you two hold hands while watching TV and stuff.

MIKE: Am I angry at her?

LISA: Do you cuss at her? What's an average night for you two?

MIKE: [for a third time avoiding my question so he can say "the State of Florida" again] The way we met was she had problems with the State of Florida too. She had a cable access TV show called *The Morbid Underground* and she showed a video of GG Allin. A lot of people called in complaining

about that and the cable company suspended her for a year and they called the cops, who tried to get her on obscenity charges. The thing that got her off the hook is that it's not

That's called  
a cicada!!  
It's a really  
cool insect!  
As a  
nymph  
they  
live  
in the  
ground  
for about  
twelve years  
& eat plant  
roots!!



your girlfriend have pet names for each other?

MIKE: Well, yeah...

LISA: What are they?

MIKE: [laughs]

LISA: I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours.

MIKE: Ummm...I call her "Honeybutt." Ummm..."Sweetiepie," "Bunnybutt." She calls me the same things.

LISA: She calls you "Bunnybutt"?

MIKE: Yup.

LISA: Wow. Do you really have a bunnybutt?

MIKE: Yeah.

LISA: Oh my goodness. You should send a photo to *Nothing Sacred* of your butt and your girlfriend's butt (We decided to go the extra mile... - *Jury*).

MIKE: Yeah.

LISA: In "Mike Diana Is God" it states: "God Michael corrupts the innocent and defiles the pure. He destroys the weak and weakens the strong." Is that your ideal—to rule over a bunch of weaklings?

listed in the obscenity law that defecating and throwing shit is obscene. I had the same lawyer she did.

LISA: Do you and

MIKE: That whole page was made by a fan. I see myself as a loner. I wouldn't want to rule anyone or have anyone rule me. People are a bunch of shit anyway, whether you're homeless on the street or whether you're a millionaire. These asshole people out there fuck everything up. If everybody was more like me there'd be peace in the world. [laughs]

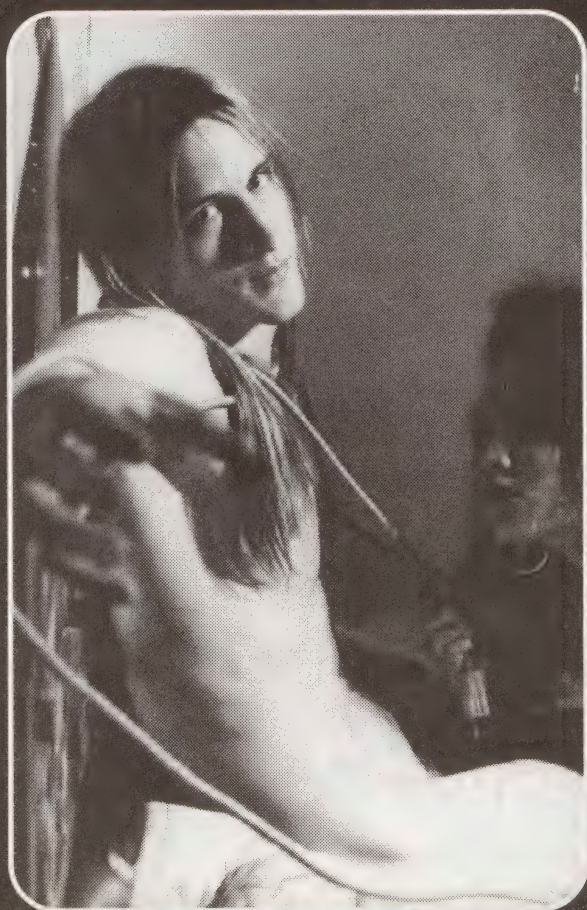
LISA: G.J. Schaefer says in your interview of him: "Casual sex, casual murder." That quote epitomizes your work, I think. You said you're a loner; are you lonely? Or were you, before Bunnybutt?

MIKE: In high school I was lonely, but I liked being that way. I had chances to have lots of friends but I didn't want to, 'cause that brings on lots of problems. Every problem I have has been created by someone else, not from anything I've done. I don't go around, you know, drinking when I'm driving—causing problems for myself.

LISA: What is unique in your comics is that the aggressor is often just as mutilated as his victim in the end. The violence is nonsensical and the only moral lesson I saw in them is: don't trust anyone because nobody is any good.

MIKE: Yeah, that's pretty much how I feel. I sit down and wish people to die, all day long, but I know it's not gonna happen. I sell beer and cigarettes to people all day and it starts to wear on me how useless these people are. They live a block away and I watch them walk from their house to here and buy beer and cigarettes and go back home every single day. I wish them dead.

Since these interviews were conducted, there have been numerous developments in the case. The Defense was denied the motion for a retrial, which was the first step toward petitioning for an Appeal and intervention by the ACLU. The Appeal itself is a monster of red tape that promises to drag this case on for several more years and through many more taxpayer dollars. The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund has been kicking down bread for lawyers fees, etc., but it's a drop in the bucket compared to the actual costs of the trial. Michael has been allowed a stay of sentence if he can produce \$3000, but as of





yet, has not been able to raise the bread. A benefit comic featuring work by many famous comic artists is planned by Diana's publisher, Shane of Mike Hunt Publishing. For now, Baggish and his watchdogs have won this round.

As misguided as he is, I think it's a cop-out to write Stuart Baggish off simply as some careerist shark out for advancement. I think he, like Michael Diana, is simply making a stand for what he believes in. Certainly, a degree of ambition must enter the picture, as it would for any lawyer. However, Baggish

removal of the citizens choice to buy the zine and make their own decision about it. The third offense is a personal pet peeve - his alarming facility at talking around questions. That's where the lawyer in him really came out.

The big loser here is Michael Diana. Forget the bullshit about the trial being the best thing for his career. Once Uncle Sam fucks with your freedom, things like career advancement tend to shrink in importance. Michael Diana's life has been affected forever, regardless of the outcome of the

appeal. However, as far as his art goes, Michael is already moving on, and if his new comic *Superfly* is any indication, he has not softened his approach at all. *Superfly* shows a refinement of his style, but remains unchanged in its graphic content and its grotesque humor. The State can slow Diana down, but they can't shut him up.

In the end, the conviction of Michael Diana is a reflection of who we are - a people too backward to come to grips with the idea of subversive imagery as art, particularly the hardcore comic art world that Michael is helping to define. In an age when violent criminals walk as a matter of course under the bullshit rhetoric of their own vic-

timization, Michael Diana, with no prior criminal record, has been convicted for violent thought. That is victimization. Stuart Baggish's naïve and wrong headed notion of "preventative justice" is the real crime here, as well as the assertion that BOILED ANGEL's clearly satiric horrors will inspire imitation. If we're going to punish a criminal's influences, we'll have to investigate

every media concoction that has stroked their brain pan all the way back to HR Puff'n Stuff.

Perhaps the saddest comment of all is that this case has been largely ignored by the mainstream news, though it's no mystery why. In these media saturated times, we demand showbiz with our justice, and this case has nowhere near the tabloid wattage of O.J., or the Menendez scum. Pity, because Michael Diana's fate has more to do with you and me than any of those high profile media circuses. An even sadder possibility is that we just don't care.

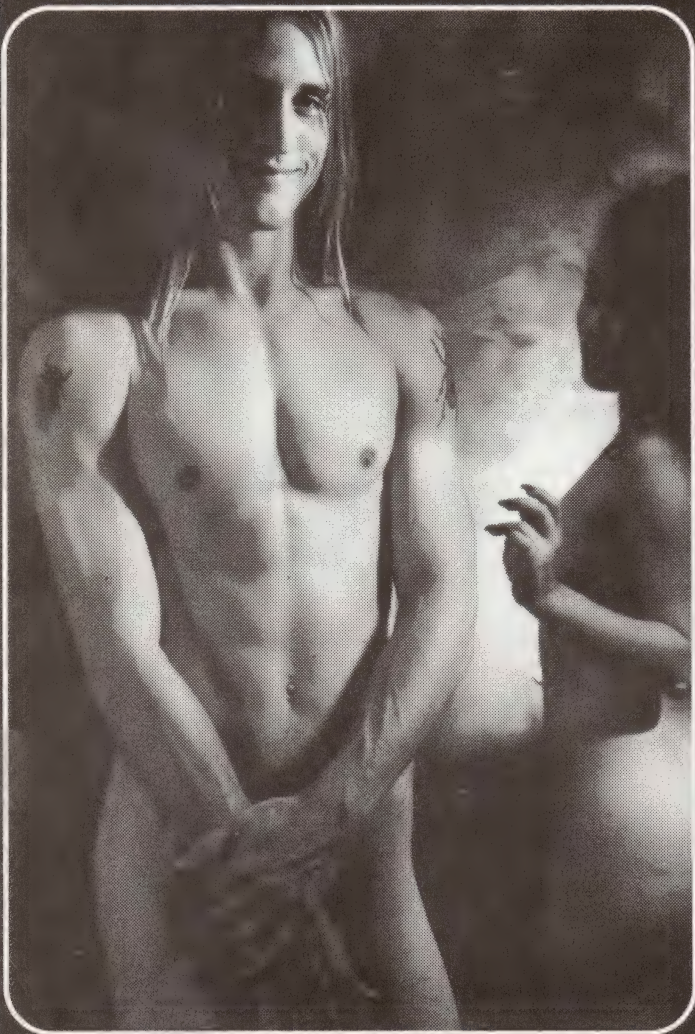
The Reign of Shit is coming down folks, and like that stupid Carpenters tune, it's only just begun.

- Jay Sosaicki

Lisa Carver is a writer and performer, and publishes the zine *Rollerderby*.

Barry Grossman is a photographer and filmmaker. He lives in Miami, Florida.

To order comics by Michael Diana, or to get information on the Mike Diana Defense Fund, please send a S.A.S.E. to: Mike Hunt Publishing, POB 226, Bensenville, IL 60106 -



rigorously avoided the media spotlight throughout the trial - this is not the behavior of someone out solely for personal gain. But if it wasn't a career decision, then why? The Misdemeanor Division must have had more substantial cases pending than this one. Whatever his shining intentions may be, Baggish still sinks his Battleship on three major points. First, with his case in dismissing Diana's right of free expression as some minor detail. Second, by sanctioning the





# weezer

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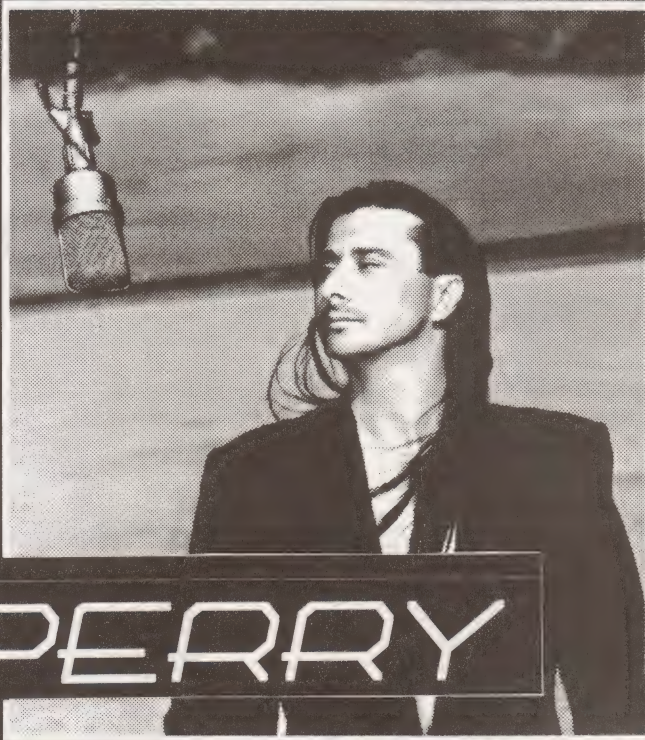
If you were a teenager in the 80's, no other voice creates a more Pavlovian response than that of Steve Perry. It never fails - whenever

I crank up Journey's definitive *Greatest Hits* collection, it ain't long before toes are tapping and even the grungiest rock dude is singing all the words to Lovin' Touchin' Squeezin'. Unlike fellow 80's poster boy David Lee Roth, Steve was not the typical hormone cocktail. He was goofy and approachable. Steve would never break your heart. Steve would understand. And he had that goddamn voice - a muscley tenor that swooped and soared and provided the backdrop for endless suburban teenage couplings. Sure, he could rock out when he wanted to, but it was his way with those *ballads* that made the chicks want to be Mrs. Steve Perry.

I used to think Journey was a joke in high school. I loved it when CREAM magazine routinely bitch-slapped Perry in print. I chortled at the band's gawky screen presence in videos, and their abominable Chess King fashions. In college I had a roommate who worshipped Perry, and did his best to hip me to the power and passion of those golden tonsils. I laughed in his face, and continued to revile Journey as faceless corporate crapola with a better



For those about to rock, he salutes you...



# STEVE PERRY

than average vocalist. Then I put on a Ratt album.

Needless to say, somewhere along the line I had a change of heart. For some reason, I began hearing something in those tunes that I never had before. It wasn't a feeling of nostalgia for my adolescence - I would akin *that* to nostalgia for landing in Normandy on D-Day. I think it had more to do with singing in bands myself, and developing the ear that really listens to other singers. The dude just has it, always did. Pure emotion. In his best songs, Steve sings of the romance which, whether we admit it or not, we all *aspire* to. That perfect (and I believe unattainable) teenage moment. And those pipes. Power, range, and that gorgeously nasal tone. Steve Perry has *balls*.

For The Love of Strange Medicine is Perry's first solo outing after an eight year absence and the implosion of Journey. The single, *You Better Wait*, despite the annoying moon-june-spoonisms of the lyrics, is vintage Journey/Perry - BIG drums, BIG vocals, and a jackhammer chorus that could tenderize a field of cows. And of course, there are ballads, ballads, ballads. Ten years after his biggest successes, Steve Perry remains the voice of romance for a jaded and cynical generation. He is, in fact, God.

is GOD



interview by jay...

**Jay:** So, where have you been for eight years?

**Steve:** (In a semi-rehearsed tone) Where *have* I been? Well, at the end of Journey's last tour, I knew I had to stop. The only way I could do that was to not listen to music, not write any music, not watch any groups - and not record anything, that's for sure. So I did that for three years, I just let go. Then I went back to living life like everybody else, stayed in one place, same bed, same pillowcase and tooth brush.

**Jay:** At the band's peak, you *were* Journey. Were you a raging egomaniac?

**Steve:** (Laughs) Well Jay, that's kind of like me asking you if you beat your wife every night.

**Jay:** I'd always heard you were this taskmaster who ruled with an iron hand.

**Steve:** What do *you* think?

**Jay:** I don't know, that's why I'm asking. What was *Journey's end*? (Laughs)



**Steve:** It was a yin-yang kind of tug of war - that was the synergy of it. Emotionally the band had become fractured, and I believe that a band needs to evolve. There's all kinds of reasons that aren't worth talking about.

**Jay:** I've got time, bro, let's do it...

**Steve:** (Laughs) But I don't know how one person could be to blame for everything, that's ludicrous. It would be impossible to take people in a direction they didn't want to go in - that would be saying that they were wimpy people, and they're not. So where I'm at right now is giving myself and this new project the dedication I gave to Journey in the beginning.

**Jay:** Great vocalists. Who does Steve Perry listen to for inspiration?

**Steve:** Well, Sam Cooke is one of the all time greats. I think Streisand is just brilliant. I love the enunciation and the phrasing that Bono has.

**Jay:** Who out there do you hear a bit of Steve Perry in?

**Steve:** Well, there's a few clones out there, I don't need to mention any names...

**Jay:** Sure you do, Steve, Top 40 is a piranha tank. After being away for so long, don't you want to get out and show 'em who's boss?

**Steve:** (Laughs) Do you play sports or something? Listen, I was involved with every step of making this record, I flew around the country like a ping-pong ball to make sure that each song had what I thought it should have. Now that I'm done, the competitive thing is ludicrous because it's out of my hands. I've done the best job I can possibly do with the song's emotional demands. That's all I can do.

**Jay:** Were you a geek in high school? You know, then discovered you had the voice that would get you into chick's pants?

**Steve:** (Laughs) I had a band in high school. Yeah, it helped me get dates for the prom. But music's been in me from the beginning.

**Jay:** And it's been in *them* ever since. When was the first time you realized you had a real gift?

**Steve:** I don't know about this gift thing. I just feel grateful to do what I do. You call it as you see it, but I stay on this side of the looking glass, dig myself into the emotion of every song I'm doing. That's what I do.

**Jay:** Okay, man. I've got the top three questions that a group of Journey fans wanted to ask you. First - who the hell was Oh, Sherrie?

**Steve:** She was a girl I lived with for five years, she was...my Sherrie. It was a song about what happened and how it fell apart. That was a real person.

**Jay:** Next question. Are you gay?

**Steve:** (Aghast) Are you serious? That's a very rude question...

**Jay:** I don't write 'em, Steve, I just read 'em.

**Steve:** What kind of magazine *is* this? No, I'm not gay. Why do people always try to make an issue out of things like that?

**Jay:** Take it as a compliment - you have pansexual appeal, man. Third question. Do you stuff your pants? On a few of those old Journey covers you look packed.

**Steve:** (Laughs) Oh, man...

**Jay:** Does a sock affect your vibrato?

**Steve:** (Laughs) You know, you need a vacation I think, a little time off would be good for you. But to answer your question, no, I don't stuff socks in my pants, and it has nothing to do with my voice or range, but I must admit this has been one of the most interesting interviews I've ever done.

**Jay:** Parting shot, man. What's the secret of that golden Steve Perry tone?

**Steve:** It's all in the nose, Jay. And the sock.

# Transition.



## SPINE

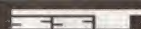
"Trenchcoat tyrants packing a 9mm grudge."

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POP



—BEGIN—

OK OK WE'RE MOVING VERY QUICKLY HERE,  
THIS IS HOW FAST IT GOES IF YOU WANNA LIVE,  
VERRY VERRY YES VERRAY FAST, VERRY  
LIMITED TIME TO THINK, AND THEN..

"POOF" ITS OVER

DEATH IS APPROACH

HAARD TO:  
STAND STILL:

Rapidly ~ ING,  
VITE, VITE, ALLEZ!

I GOTTA  
GET

SOME-  
WHERE

LIFE IS MOVING  
I DON'T HAVE TO GET  
TO THE END OF DISSOLVES

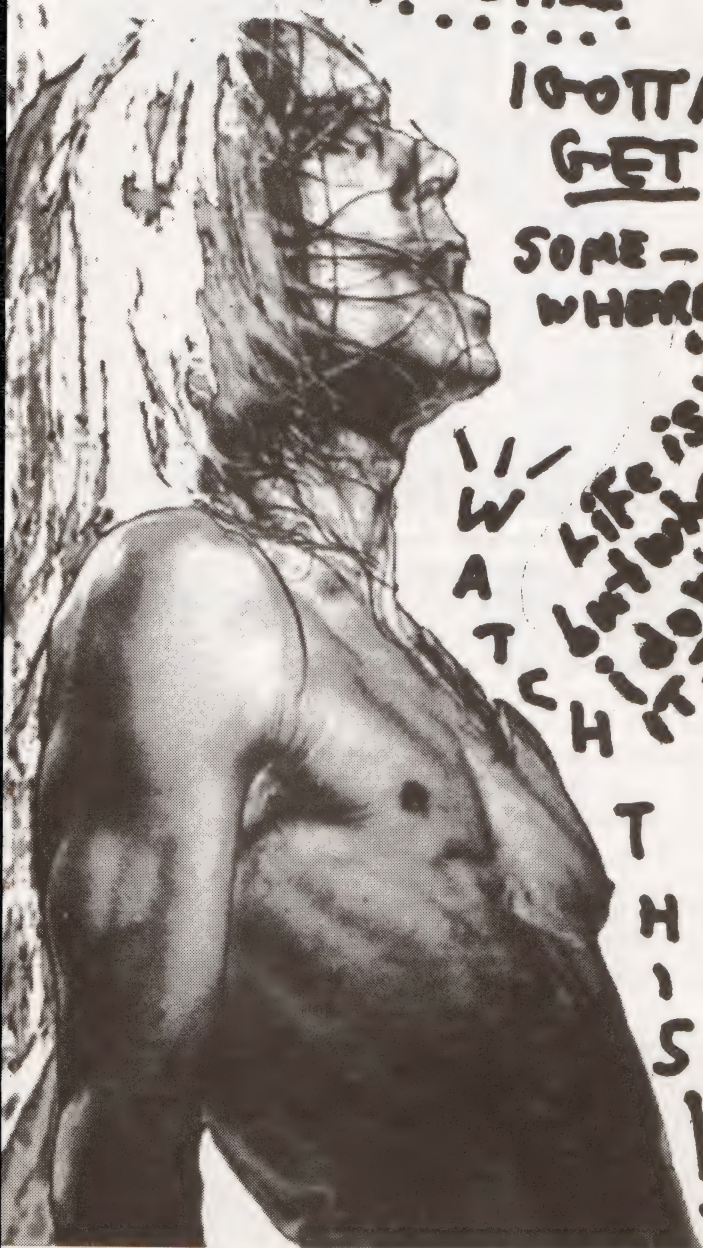
OF COURSE  
I KNOW I  
NEVER EVEN  
REALLY GET

ANYWHERE,  
IT'S ALL  
JUST  
CHANGING  
POSITIONS

I FELT SO GOOD WHEN  
I LEFT TOWN

I WALKED, AND SANG  
MYSELF INTO EXISTENCE  
GOTTA STOP SOMETIME

—END—



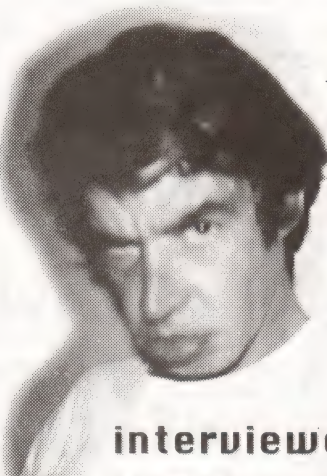


in a

Reflections



Brian Shane



interviewed by  
Rich Polysorbate

and a newspaper



Dear Jay: I've been receiving some pretty foul hate mail from someone in LA who calls herself ANA, and from somebody in San Pedro named Thomas Birdshapt. They send me pubic hair, used rubbers, threats, porno clippings with my name on people bent over and receiving anal sex, etc. Hmmm... I thought you had to be rich and famous to get stalkers.

Anyways, I assume you're not on this anti-Brian Shane hatred committee, and in my last letter I wrote a whole bunch of negative childhood memories, so in this letter I'll write some more positive stuff regarding my desire to be a cartoonist - presuming you're going to write some sort of article to accompany my comics, eh (No need baby, ya done it for me... - Jay)?

My claim to fame as an adolescent was having my name used in MAD #106, in Dave Berg's feature "The Lighter Side of Elementary School" (which you can find in reprint, in The Recycled Mad). I used to call up people long distance as an adolescent, because I didn't have any friends, and nobody was interested in comics to the extent that I was - primarily newspaper and EC material. In those days (1966), you used to be able to call any number and the operator would come on the line and ask what number you were calling from, and bill the charges to any number you gave them and that's how I amused myself. I called Boris Karloff's home and talked with his wife. I called Charles Addams's house many, many times, but nobody ever answered the phone. I called Charles Schultz and he was a wonderful guy. I tried calling Perry Ackerman (Godlike publisher of Famous Monsters of Filmland - Jay), as well as the Vatican and Buckingham Palace, but I could never get the Pope or the Queen to come to the phone. I called Dave Berg in late '65 and chatted up a nice phone bill (for somebody else), and Berg said I'd given him a lot of ideas for his comics, and asked permission to use my

I first became aware of Brian Shane's corrosively autobiographical comix through Rich Polysorbate's magnificent zine *Children Whom Stick Crayons Up Their Anus*. The comics were crudely drawn and frequently unfunny, but with the kind of insight and dogged self-examination that made them stick in my brain. Where they hit the mark, they hit big time.

Although I worship the man, I've never met him - I'm in Hollywood, he's in Santa Barbara, and neither of us has a car or any money. However, he did call once from some transient hotel in SB, and he continues to send me letters that make me rush to my PO Box hot with anticipation. In his letters and comix, Brian's best shrink and biographer is himself. Currently he ekes out an existence as a nursing home assistant in Santa Barbara, and is hoping that *Nothing Sacred* will make him a rich and famous cartoonist. That would make me happier than a cure for cancer.

- Jay

still find in reprint, in *The Recycled Mad*). I used to call up people long distance as an adolescent, because I didn't have any friends, and nobody was interested in comics to the extent that I was - primarily newspaper and EC material. In those days (1966), you used to be able to call any number and the operator would come on the line and ask what number you were calling from, and bill the charges to any number you gave them and that's how I amused myself. I called Boris Karloff's home and talked with his wife. I called Charles Addams's house many, many times, but nobody ever answered the phone. I called Charles Schultz and he was a wonderful guy. I tried calling Perry Ackerman (Godlike publisher of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* - Jay), as well as the Vatican and Buckingham Palace, but I could never get the Pope or the Queen to come to the phone. I called Dave Berg in late '65 and chatted up a nice phone bill (for somebody else), and Berg said I'd given him a lot of ideas for his comics, and asked permission to use my

name. When it appeared, I showed off that copy of MAD in school, but none of the kids were impressed - they didn't believe it was more than just coincidence. Not only was I not liked by my classmates, I compounded my weakness by paying my name on radio and TV every chance I could get. I knew a local TV horror movie host who called himself Prince Mordachai on channel 15 in San Fran. I used to dream which horror flicks would be shown on that program, and in that order to show them because Prince Mordachai didn't know anything about what chronological sequence these movies originally came out. And at the close of every broadcast, Prince Mordachai would

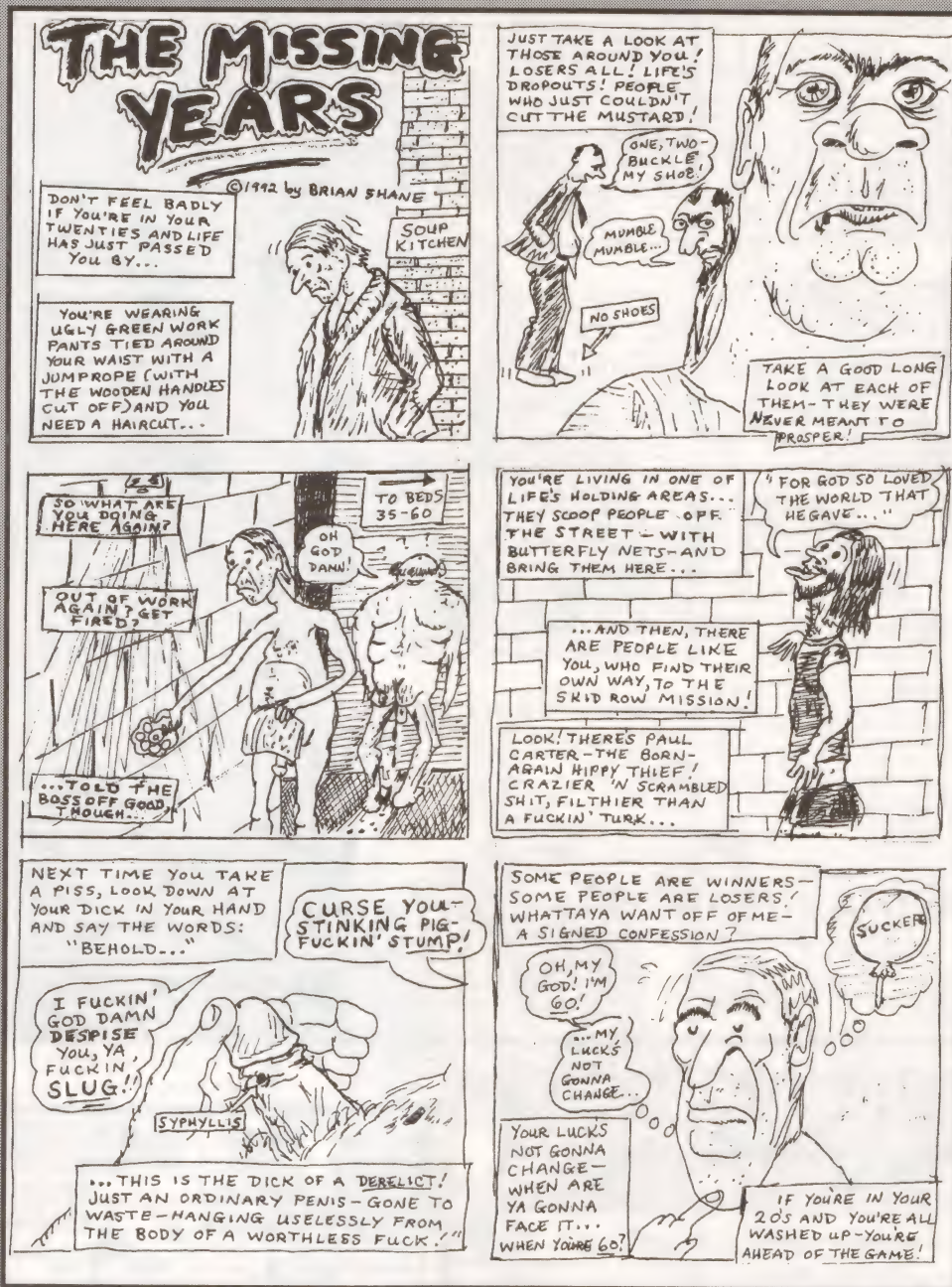


As far as tender moments are concerned, no - I don't have any I'd like to share. There really weren't any in my own childhood. My mother hugged me once when I came home screaming because I'd watched our pet beagle get run over by a car. Then she slapped the shit out of me. Another time, in fourth grade, my mother was proud of me because I got three "E's" on my report card. Then she found out that "E" was a failing grade, instead of representing "excellent".

**BS:** A total free-for-all. Sibling rivalry. My mother never got up until after noon, and she was always horrid. We'd go outside and terrorize the neighborhood. We beat on the cats, put kittens on turntables at 78 rpm, tore everything up. Our cellar was a total shambles. Us kids wrecked everything in the cellar because my mother never went downstairs.

**RP:** Tell us something about your work in nursing homes. Have these experiences had any influence on your comics?

BS: What I've learned in nursing homes is that people are only people, no matter how hard they try, all their lives. People grow old, and sit and cry because they have to wear diapers and sit tied up in wheelchairs - the same way they cried and bellyached all their lives about their kids, their wife's cooking, etc. Having worked in this field for several years, I've learned a measure of forgiveness, particularly for parents, school teachers, and so forth. They're pricks, but they can't help it. People are just selfish. They step on everybody's feet to get ahead, and they end up old and remorseful, with nothing but death to look forward to.





having to draw stupid planters and flowers, so I drew people decapitated on guillotines with word balloons rising from the bloody bodies, saying things like "There goes my compound," "I shall now marry...". In the way to making his caricatures, such as the English and American specialized in headlines, photos of people mangled and decapitated in auto accidents, or victims of mob murders, etc. I used to draw people cut up in this piece, or coming up the neck with pools of dogs jumping beneath them trying to eat their lips, etc. My teachers hated me, and my university roommate used to say I was going to be another Thane Cropper, or that I was the "Lee Harvey Oswald" pre - however they despised me for it, according to whomsoever was in power in the power.

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**MY DEAD  
GOLDFISH**  
ART-BLAIR WILSON  
POEM-HAL SIROWITZ

I WANTED AN A  
ALLIGATOR FOR PET,



A CAT MIGHT DIG  
HIM UP



AND EAT HIM.

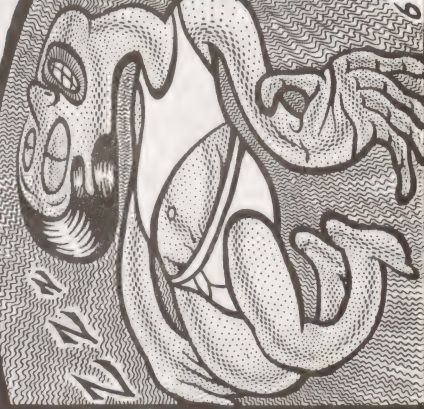
BUT MY PARENTS  
GOT ME A  
GOLDFISH.



WHEN  
HE  
DIED



I WAS  
MAD AT  
MY FATHER



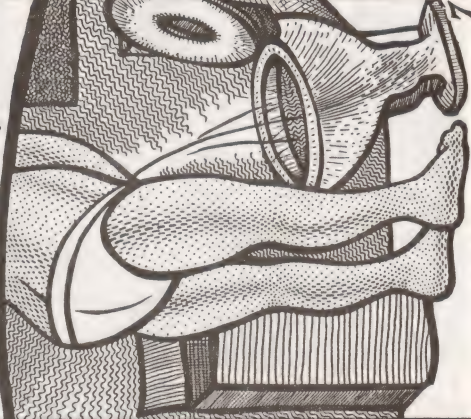
MY MOTHER



FLUSHED HIM  
IN THE  
TOILET



FOR USING THE  
BATHROOM 10 MINUTES  
AFTER THE  
BURIAL.



SHE SAID

IF WE BURY HIM  
THE YARD.



HE HAD NO  
RESPECT



FOR  
THE DEAD.





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# PEACH SIESTA

"... a thick sea of guitars and  
crushing drums. A sound  
that makes you want  
to crawl into the p.a.  
and get closer..."

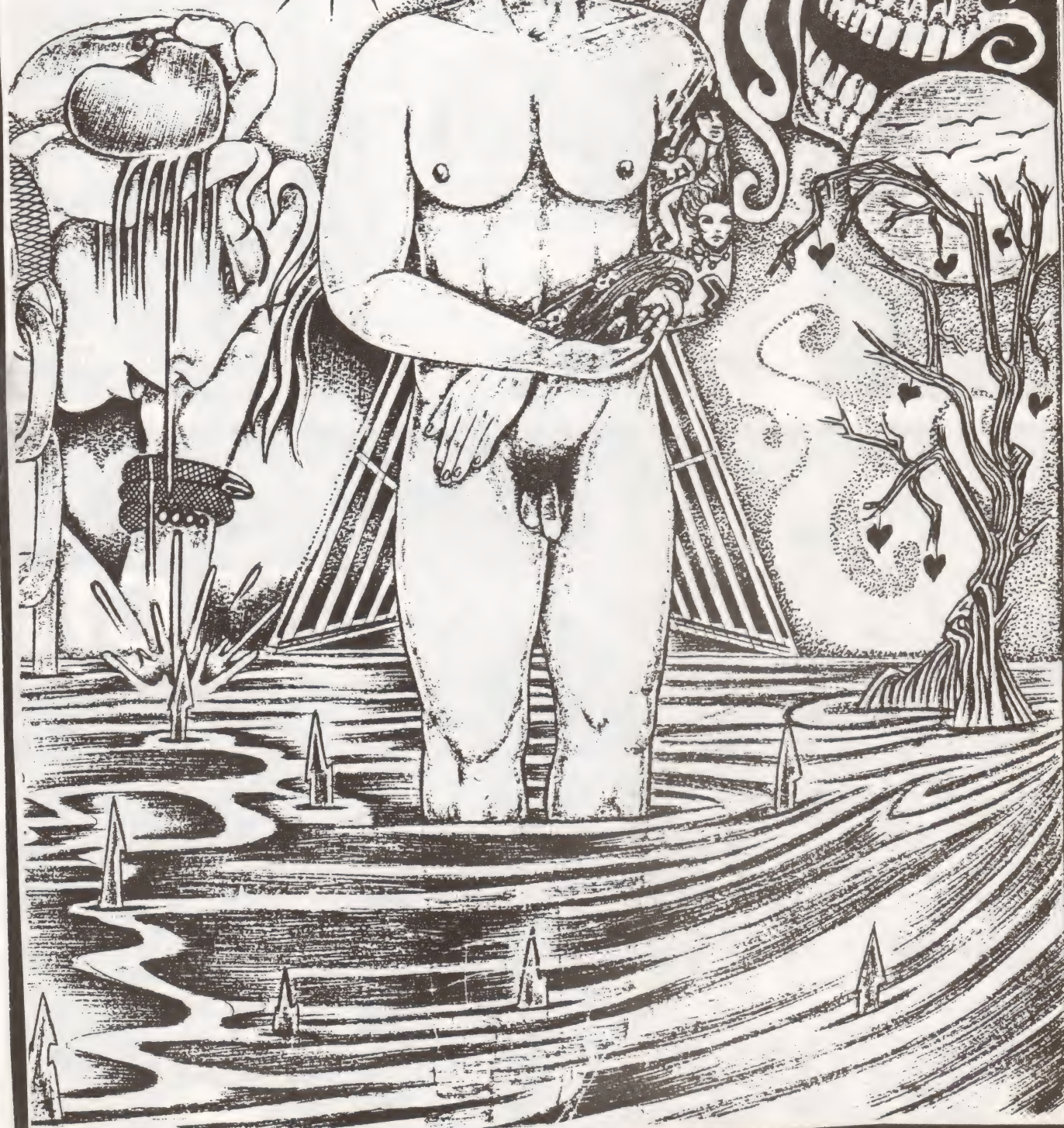
—THE ROCKET



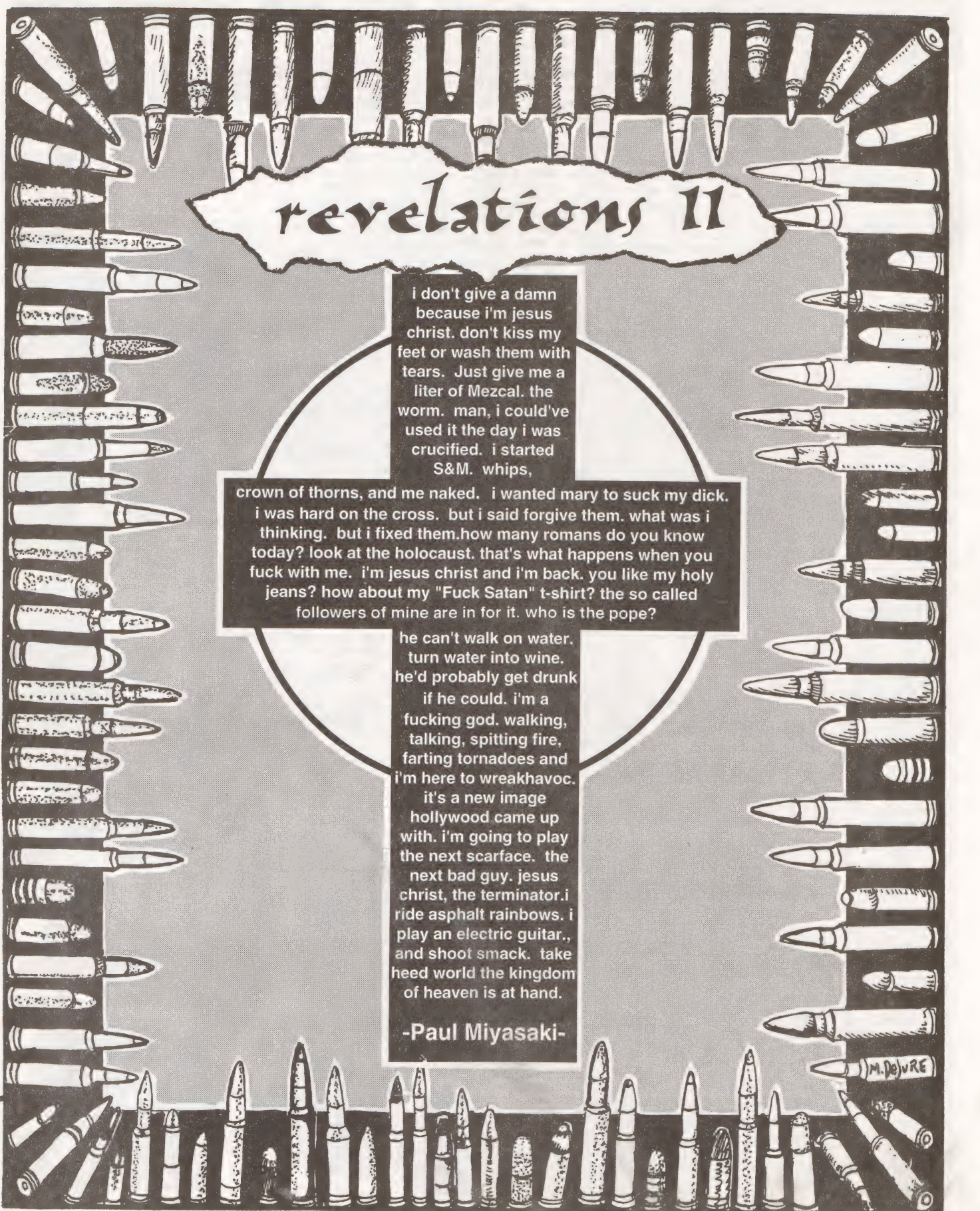


Rehabilitation is just a figment  
of our ignorance,  
we fear, the dread, of coming  
here. In our nightmares  
we plead, not to ever spend  
a minute of our lives there  
one day you will be far away  
from home, you will see,  
this place I speak of, none  
can escape for this is the  
entity called loneliness...

—C. MARQUEZ 92—







# revelations 11

i don't give a damn  
because i'm jesus  
christ. don't kiss my  
feet or wash them with  
tears. Just give me a  
liter of Mezcal. the  
worm. man, i could've  
used it the day i was  
crucified. i started  
S&M. whips,

crown of thorns, and me naked. i wanted mary to suck my dick.  
i was hard on the cross. but i said forgive them. what was i  
thinking. but i fixed them. how many romans do you know  
today? look at the holocaust. that's what happens when you  
fuck with me. i'm jesus christ and i'm back. you like my holy  
jeans? how about my "Fuck Satan" t-shirt? the so called  
followers of mine are in for it. who is the pope?

he can't walk on water.  
turn water into wine.  
he'd probably get drunk  
if he could. i'm a  
fucking god. walking,  
talking, spitting fire,  
farting tornadoes and  
i'm here to wreakhavoc.

it's a new image  
hollywood came up  
with. i'm going to play  
the next scarface. the  
next bad guy. jesus  
christ, the terminator. i  
ride asphalt rainbows. i  
play an electric guitar.,  
and shoot smack. take  
heed world the kingdom  
of heaven is at hand.

-Paul Miyasaki-

M. DeJURE



# People Just Aren't

for Bukowski

The lengthy purple-prose eulogy in the L.A. Times called Bukowski the poet laureate of lowlife L.A. Well, I shouldn't expect too much I suppose from something like the L.A. Times. Linda my colleague at work hit it on the proverbial right head when she said why not simply call him the poet laureate of L.A. Life

Years ago I saw him do a wonderful reading in San Francisco in one of those dignified downtown historical type buildings. The same evening they were having a 100 dollar a plate dinner to kickoff the new Opera Season. Those of us there to see Buk were waiting on line and those of them going to do up the Opera were in their own rhythm and we sort of looked across a large room at one another and superficially sized one another up. Later that night in his reading Bukowski hit us with a piece saying People Just Aren't Good To One Another. It was a fine piece and I thought about the looks we gave the Opera folks and vice versa as if there was an abyss between us that no language could ever hope to heal. Language is a tricky river.

You may feel you are saying what it is you think you want to say. Sometimes however you don't say all that much.

It's a trickster dance floor, language. You should be able to back it up by having fun. I feel Bukowski had fun in writing.

He wrote so much. He wrote in the tradition of Whitman and Woody Guthrie.

He wrote about everything in his life and worldview. A lot of it trivial a lot of it profound. One can't simply sit back and say I will choose only to write the big poems the important poems the majestic poems.

Bukowski taught me a very important thing when I was beginning.

You can write what you see and you can see what you write and you can write anything.

There is no taboo subject matter. You can write about having to love a person's farts just as much as their perfume if you are really going to back up your love.

I said a few lines back he was in the same vein as Woody. Woody would take out his guitar when the whim hit and write about any thing passing through him.

He once went to work on a building the Grand Coulee dam but was so taken with the scenery he had to quit and took his guitar up above where it was being built and sat down and wrote a song.

Bukowski saw a lot, backed it up in his feeling by not shying away from anything that a lot of respectable people might consider worthless or minor.

William Carlos Williams said once after someone praised him for being the poet of the antipoetic there is no antipoetic. By writing the poem about it whatever it is it becomes poetic.

by the choosing of it whatever it is to be the poem itself.

Someone told me a story once about how when Bukowski was up in San Francisco reading with a lot of big Northern Calif poets including Ginsberg.

(although we know Ginsberg is really East Coast) a bomb threat rumor invaded the gig and Bukowski jokingly claimed All I need to do is stand behind Ginsberg and I will not be in danger because Ginsberg's carma will protect me.

I did attend a major poetic blowout in Santa Cruz back in 1975 and Kenneth Rexroth got into a difference of opinion with some women or a woman.

I was sitting too far back to see which Rexroth said Don't Biss at me I come from two generations of feminists.

Finally he said Don't Biss at me. You wouldn't want Bukowski to come down here would you. I think I was the only one in this vast room this auditorium of listening.

that got that one and laughed in appreciation. Cheap writers can try and pigeonhole Bukowski well cheap writers will pigeon hole anything. Classify everything in specious classifications. I won't.

Bukowski was a human who wrote he left a lot of pages to go back to if one feels the urge.

That's all you can ask for that a writer simply writes. A writer shouldn't be out all the time being seen or even seeing those who are being seen.

A writer belongs where a writer is needed the most in the moment and act of writing. Bukowski once said it all begins here and ends here.

pointed to his typewriter. It all begins and ends here. In the moment.

Whatever Bukowski might be in the long run to those who write articles and books and purple prose obits.

like the one in the Times he is always and foremost a writer who lived in the moment of the passionate sacred act of writing.

He taught me to stay home and pay attention to the words. Even when I nod off and try and be lazy.

In the end if you don't pay attention to the words. You will trip and break your bones and nobody will invite you in for coffee.

For Bukowski who gave me many pleasurable days. The coffee is on it might even go down good.

And the process is where we live and the process is where we always dance for Bukowski.

a dancer who graced Los Angeles and the world with his music.

Sleep well friend. Scott Wannberg

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## BUKOWSKI TO THE CURE

it was like  
falling thru a  
hole

a glowing halo of  
rich ruby red light  
reached out to us from  
the open door and  
asked us in

this place was a  
Miami of red vinyl and corrugated steel  
full of holes like starlight  
on leave from  
a strange piece of 1947

the leading motif of some  
hybrid punk  
anxiety  
working its way into the wood  
and salting the beer

"Is this place a bar?"  
I decided that  
stupid was the  
best  
way  
in

the happy drunk on the end responds,  
"I dunno, whattya think?"

Rafael says,  
"Cool." and shrugs his shoulders  
and we are both  
stupid together

a square looking guy  
enters behind the bar

"Got any beer?" I inquire

"I dunno, if we did have some  
beer,  
I mean what would you want?"

"Whatever, man."

he produces a couple of Buds

they are a dollar a pop and I give the guy an  
extra buck

just to keep the place floating

and fuck it

outside on the street  
at the  
Bukowski memorial  
where we had been  
minutes ago  
they are still  
calling out

Beeeeowwwskiiiiii!

Beeeeowwwwwski this

and

Beeeeeooooooooowssssskiiiiii that

and beee ow ski

bee owww ski

be ow skeeeeee

they don't even know who the fuck they are talking about  
but hey  
that's what's going on and what in the hell  
let them go on in their stum bum tumbling dumbness

I am really starting to  
feel the light here

some guys come in and get pissed off and  
leave because  
they didn't want their bags searched

one bartender says,  
"Fuck it man,  
I don't know them and they don't know me."

"This is downtown fucking L.A.," says the  
second bartender,  
"you don't know what in the hell they got in them bags."

more beer  
this place is jukin'

soon there is a juicy fat joint going around  
and we are pounding the air with smoke  
and we are shaking hands and  
laughing

more beers

more laughter

one of the bartenders starts to speak of  
Charles Bukowski  
and it is agreed that he  
changed the way you see the  
colored lights go  
when you read the way his  
poetry has  
legs on it that walk you into his  
best room of fear and love  
and the way that the typewriter and the bottle  
dance the dance

we dance the beer  
and the smoke  
we dance the anger and the  
pitiful hatred outside  
wilting under the  
generous embrace of yet another earthquake

one more round and they are  
closing the door

the beer tumbles down my throat  
like a small brook

I think of possible heavens

as we redesign the landscape  
with whatever things we know  
and  
catch the 3 bus into  
Hollywood

this is how we  
found  
Bukowski

S.A. Griffin



The trip to New Orleans came out of nowhere. It was as simple as Josh calling from Seattle and being there in 40 hours, hippie Jesus friend Mark in tow. No rest, no break, just my shit added to the pile and on the road again. We figured it would take three days to get there, just in time for the start of Mardi Gras. It was cool to be rocking with Josh again. We'd done the Zendik Farm piece together and his pix were usually the perfect mirror for my words. He was living with his lady in Seattle, hopscotching schools, figuring out what the fuck to do with his life. He was 19 going on 40. Many hours on, coffee and pot working their magic, we eased through the Golden State, stoned, rapping, Mark snoozing open mouthed in the back seat.

The two of us were getting cocky, patting ourselves on the back for our ability to just pick up and go - *Dude, people wish they could live this way*. It was true to an extent, but I was on the hook too. I'd hit some weird pocket of questioning and doubt about what I was doing in the last few months. Nothing to change my course of action, of course - I was still going to do as I damn well pleased. But the reality of that decision had set in hard over the last year, especially the financial reality. I was 27, basically unskilled, and questioning my commitment to anything. Like the zine. Did I have the balls to take it as far as I could, or was I just hot air? And who was reading the fucking thing anyway? These thoughts tearing into my brain. Was I really a risk taker, or just a selfish douche living in fear of responsibility? The nut of it was fear. The fear of becoming some directionless loser pitied by his friends. Wooderson from *Dazed and Confused*. The old man. We were bursting through the butt end of California as the sun came up, frying the ends of the sky.

"You should have your tape recorder on during this..." said Josh.

"Nah, who wants to hear what *really* happened..."

#### Endless hours, night into day, trading driving shifts.

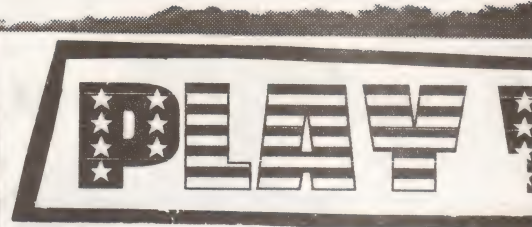
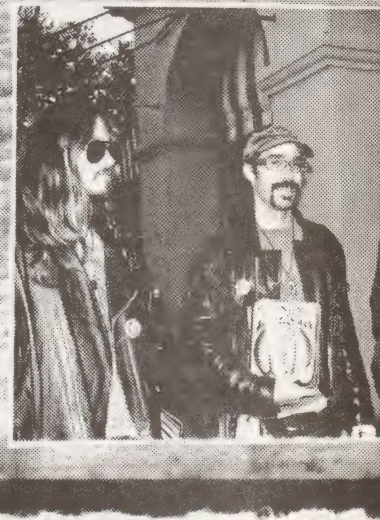
Shitty coffee, itchy skin, the car never getting enough gas. Singing *Black Sabbath* tunes while doing 90 on the highway. The stink of El Paso's unending factory smoke in a 4am Denny's. Morning traffic near Houston. The realization that this trip was being done on borrowed funds. What the fuck were we doing, and why?

We pulled into a gas station in the middle of nowhere. I had a headache from all the coffee and the dry hot wind was flaying my skin. We all knew our roles at this point - pumping, paying, primping windows, etc. I shoved the squeegee back in the water, watching as Mark stretched in catlike ballet steps. Mark and I hadn't had much of a chance to talk yet - when he wasn't taking his shift at the wheel, he was snoozing in back. He was in school with Josh, wanted to be a rock and roll star. I walked over to where he was finishing off an awkward plié.

"How's it going, cheese?"

"Focusing. Finding my center." I hoped it was caramel.

A huge truck packed with cows loomed over the hill and pulled into the wide expanse of the parking lot. Josh took a few clicks. The cows were packed into the truck head to tail to maximize the space, spattered with their own shit and swarming with flies. We all stared at each other, an occasional tense moo breaking the silence. A stream of piss dripped through the bottom of the truck and ran



# MARDI

between my feet. The cows were not going to the dairy, and they knew it. I touched a wet velvety nose, hard breath warming my palm. Another frightened moo, a calf this time. The drivers came out and looked at us, started the truck. Their eyes said it all - they didn't like what was happening, but it was how they made their living. Mark stepped in one of the beast's sweet smelly shit and slid, hand grabbing the rail. I topped off the tank as the cattle car cleared the lot. "Everyone ready for McDonald's?"

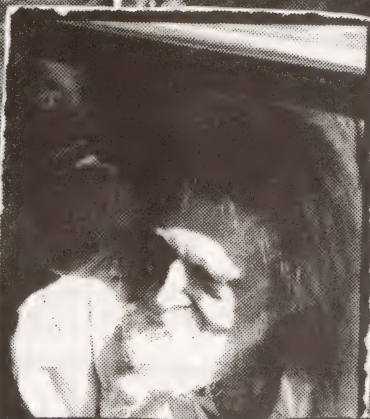
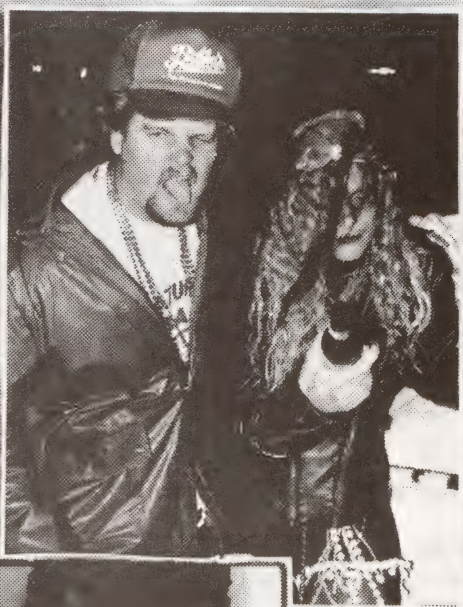
**I woke up in Dayton, Texas.** We were parked behind a few tin roof shacks and houses, right near an abandoned train yard. There was an abandoned factory next to the tracks, overgrown with weeds and sitting in a pool of fetid water. Perfect place for pix, so we fanned out and explored, climbed on the trains. I stood on top of a cylindrical tanker, surveying the land and the overcast skies. Ominous. Josh was snapping Mark in the overgrown weeds, and he lit up for



# YOUR OWN

# GAME...

## GRAS DIARIES '94



Story by **Jay Sosnicki** / Photos by **Joshua Leonard**

the camera. I was beginning to like him. Beneath that Dead hippie veneer, there were some real issues seething. He was coming to grips with his anger and negativity, discovering that judgement was an ugly but necessary part of acceptance.

"Check this out." Josh pulled a doll's head out of the mire. It stared ahead serenely, cheek smeared with mud. Terrifying. We dubbed her "Felicia" on the spot. Like the cows, she seemed to be some sort of omen - an indication of the trials we'd have to endure in order to reach our destination, whatever that might be. I held the repulsive thing at arm's length as Josh preserved the moment in pictures.

I went to cop a squirt in some weeds, then wandered over to the road to check things out. A small, run-down motel. An RV court. General store. Tarpaper

shacks everywhere. Dead. Dayton was the ghost of a mining town, as obsolete as the aging coal cars in back. I wandered over to a greasy cafe for a cup 'o joe. The folks inside were hard-eyed and wizened, plopped on barstools, waiting to die. Definitely not a place for long hairs with painted toenails. I thought of that plastic death's head in the mud and suddenly wanted to put as much space between us and Dayton, Texas as possible.

**From the porch of the cafe,** I could see Mark and Josh arguing with a tall hillbilly in flannel. Like a fool, I went into big bro overdrive. Someone was fucking with my boys. "Yeah, alright," Josh was saying, "we're fucking going, but the





"No, passing through to New Orleans..."

"Uh huh. Can I see some I.D.?"

We obliged, and he called them in. Liquid gurgled in my belly. I had a handful of outstanding warrants, and so did Mark. I was so stoned I couldn't spell my name. While they ran the check, we waited. Trying to look not nervous, and looking nervous in the process.

"What you guys doin' out on them trains?"

"Uh, I publish a magazine, and we're doing a Mardi Gras piece..."

"Kind of magazine?"

"Underground stuff...Want to see?"

I didn't wait for an answer, I was glad for a reason to move. I thought of all the pot seeds and roaches on the floor of the car as I popped the trunk. The cop looked into it.

car is stuck in the mud."

I walked up. "There a problem here?"

The guy looked right through me with evil pig eyes the color of Windex. Serious white trash trailer material with an attitude.

"This here's private proppity..."

I stuck out my chin and chest. "Doesn't look like anyone lives in the train yard, man..."

Those baby blues continued to bore right through me.

"Ya'll can stick around if ya want, but I can't be sure what'll happen to ya..."

"You threatening us, bro?"

He continued to stare. "I ain't threatenin' ya, I'm just sayin' I ain't sure what'll happen..."

The dude was bad news with a large NRA patch. Time to get out of Dodge.

We spent the next fifteen minutes pushing the car out of the muck, certain that Jethro was training a shotgun on us. Josh loaded the trunk.

"Dude, lose that doll, it's bad luck..."

"Fuck a goat. I'm taking her with us." We



hopped in the car, backed out, and pulled into the coffee shop next door, in perfect sync with the police car and its flashing lights.

"I told you we should've dumped the doll..."

**The cop pulled up as we got out of the car.**

Big cornfed motherfucker about my age...

"You guys from round hyar?"

"The hell's that ?" he asked. Felicia lay amongst the blankets, looking up serenely.

"Huh? Oh, that's just a doll's head..."

I didn't catch his reaction to that, I just routed about for a copy of the zine. Number 7 with the cover of Kembra Pfahler dressed as Jesus. He took the thing gingerly, flipped it

open. The first thing he landed on was the center spread of a semi-nude Annie Sprinkle with a vibrator aimed at her snatch.

"Great graphics..." he said.

His radio squawked on, the station calling back on our background check. Josh and I looked at each other. A roadmap of stoned red veins in his eyes. Fuck. Jail in rural Texas, with no bail money and nowhere to get it...

The cop returned. "Okay...you're clear. People get a little touchy about trespass 'round hyar. Y'all headed to Mardi Gras, huh?"

"Yeah..." I said.

"Mmmm...lot's of fun, that. Leavin' soon?"

"Yeah, after we grab some coffee..."

"Uh huh. Y'all got any concealed weapons in there? Knives, hand grenades, dynamite?"

He smiled. An okay dude.

"Nah..." Nervous laughter.

Then the kicker. "Any drugs or illegal substances?"

A Sousa march started in my chest cavity. Mark had shoved all the dope into his pants, but there were traces everywhere...

"Nah." I said, casual.

"Mmmm....Mind if I check?"

Silence. One slip and we were finished. And it was here that Josh pulled the all-time smoothe move. Leaning on car, arms folded...

"If you think you have to, man..."





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The cop looked us over. "Don't guess I do..."

He started to go back to his squad car. Naturally, Josh had to push our luck that extra inch.

"Hey", said Josh, "will you take a picture with the magazine?"

The cop looked back at us with an embarrassed grin. "Really?"

"Yeah," I said, "for the subscription ad." He paused. "Will you send me one when it comes out?"

"Fuck yeah..."

The blue posed jauntily inside his car door, the zine displayed proudly.

"How's this?" he asked. He wanted it right.

"Perfect." said Josh, taking the shot.

"Y'all have a safe trip." he said. He got in the car and pulled away.

We went into the cafe where a dozen graying rednecks had been observing the whole incident. We sucked back coffee, loaded up and rushed to get the fuck out of Texas. Too many cops and cows on route to slaughter.

**The Waffle House was packed at 1 a.m..** It was a funkier New Orleans style Denny's with killer specials. Pork chops 'n eggs, grits, fat buttermilk biscuits. Amazing clientele, either too thin or too fat. Baseball caps and truckers. Scary fist-faced waitress with track marks who fucked up our order. Didn't matter - at this point I was ready to eat my Birkenstocks. We finished up and went across the street to the fleabag where Cap'n Totally and the crew were staying. Josh changed into his Road Warrior outfit - my boy has a flair for the dramatic, and his arrival togs had to reflect the hard journey we'd had.

"Josh, you don't look dirty enough..."  
"Fuck a goat..."

**I was in the middle of a Cap'n Totally bear hug** that knocked us onto the bed.

Our arrival had been a complete surprise and the dumbfounded look on his face made every grueling second of the trip worth it. Cap'n Totally, for those of you who haven't read about him in these pages before, has been central to the most amazing times of my adult life. He is my partner, my brother, my own potential for good and evil mirrored back at me. One by one the whole crew filed in, all in a state of ruin that warmed my heart. Smitty, who helped me set up the surprise - tan, GQ handsome, and the biggest Sammy Davis Jr. fan on the planet. Drew - an Opie Taylor face and taste for debauchery that would shame Caligula. Cap'n Totally's fabulous lady Tanya, a bona fide Texas siren, the only chick I've ever met who could stand toe-to-toe with a boy's club like this one. Millet, the hippie law student with the Jim Morrison fixation. He was so sloshed that I had to hold him up. Sacks, better known as Hot Sacks - curly hair, big open smile, and a charm that could unbuckle a nun's chastity belt. Lefky, frequently referred to as MacGuyver because he can fix, arrange, or schmooze anything. All my brothers were here, along with new friends and warriors - Becker, an insane loose cannon bound for Vegas and casino management. Big John, the group's Falstaff unofficial bodyguard. Many others. Josh slapped Felicia on top of the TV, Mark cranked up the AC/DC, and we was rockin'.

The bongos made the rounds, the raw tequila flowed, lukewarm beer disappeared as magically as it appeared. People passing out or heading back to their own rooms. Becker sat bug-eyed on the edge of the bed, bending my ear I



**Jay, Tanya, Drew, Cap'n Totally...**

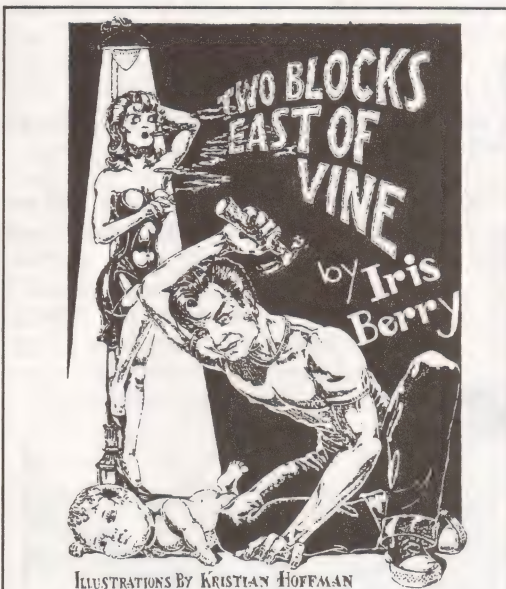
**NUTHING SACRED**



about his concept for a combined warehouse and kosher deli to be called *Lox 'n Box*. Mark wandered over, threw his arm over my shoulder. "I feel totally accepted here..." he said. I was glad. Mark was not the social animal Josh and I were, and he was trying to fit in the best he could in this roomful of strangers, doing little dances and jigs to establish his space, easing his way in. Josh was bopping about the room, flirting, picking people's brains, and always, always, taking shots. In the year I'd known him, Josh had gone from being a dabbler to being a photographer.

The party started winding down. Cap'n Totally was crosseyed with drink, and getting weepy as we sat on the edge of the bed. "I can't believe you're here I can't believe you're here..." he kept saying. Smitty shot us one of his wicked grins across the room. "I told you guys I had a surprise for you...", he said. Felicia smiled down benevolently from atop the TV, her status upgraded to that of good luck charm.

**We spent the first few days exploring the neighborhood, drinking, getting down with Mardi Gras.** New Orleans isn't just a place, it's a culture. A place of indulgence and appetites, the true experience of southern hospitality. Gorgeous seedy architecture. Sex clubs packed onto tiny sidestreets, their greasy facades garish and beckoning the spectator to enter. Steamy late night bars where barbecue smoke permeates the air and the clientele dance to every imaginable kind of music. Sexy



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**With Rai, Bugsz, and Julez from Zendik Farm...**

liting accents teasing the ear, combined with the snatches of French that make up the distinct patois of New Orleans. And the *food*, Jesus Christ. Juices, meats, and rich sauces. Spices. Crawdad piled high in plates or in paper sacks, steamed, red and crunchy. Alligator sausages. New Orleans is Burrough's Interzone, an improbable mixture of gentility and decay that felt like the last place on earth. The racial mix was really happening too. None of the whitey-darkey tension I'd experienced in L.A. or Oakland. Fills you with hope for mankind. Fagspicniggahonkiebastids I love you all.

The main activity at Mardi Gras, other than blacking out, was the ancient rite of TITS FOR BEADS (dicks too, for queens and chicks demanding equal time) - trading cheap glass beads to any dame willing to flash her feeders. Of course, most of the chicks were so sodden with drink that they would flash for no reason, and it did the heart good to see such a healthy assortment of nubile getting into the spirit of the day. Everywhere you turned there were titties protruding - or hanging, depending on their vintage. The best part, of course, was watching the unlikely flashers. Mardi Gras is a sort of license to let your hair down, and it was fun to watch the virginal types turn into wanton whores for cheap beads that they wouldn't be caught dead wearing at the office.

Most people were part of the street mob bargaining, where groups of people yelled up or down to one specific target. The more serious and horny tit hucksters plied their trade on the streets. Cap'n Totally and the crew were *very* serious about their Tits For Beads, especially Lefky, who had purchased enough of the fucking things to outfit a sultan's

harem. Much more businesslike than the earsplitting insanity of the bars and balconies. *How long do I show them? Which beads? No, you can't touch my tits, but you can kiss me if you throw on the big strand.* All of this had a dark side, I suppose. I witnessed a few acts of degradation, trades that had serious nastiness and misogyny at their core more than fun, but what the fuck. If you're willing to show your business to a plethora of drunken strangers, a victim you ain't.

**DAY 4. We were waiting on line at the Cafe Du Monde, a fantastic coffee emporium by the docks just outside the French Quarter.** Cap'n Totally was playing Acid Priest.

"Put this in your face," he said, ripping a hit of A off the sheet.

"Nah, not this time, bro..."

I had planned to abstain from acid on this trip - the days when I would dose at the drop of a hat had long since passed. Rather than simply tossing myself blindly into the vortex, I wanted to approach THE NOTHING SACRED MARDI GRAS PIECE in a more serious journalistic vein. Interview revelers, sit back, observe. Professional.

I continued waiting on line, lusting after that cup of coffee as everyone figured out their separate game plans. Josh was already off somewhere waiting for moments. Cap'n Totally was organizing his troops, creating schedules and meeting places for anyone who got lost - The Napoleon of The Psychedelic Range. Mark was sitting off by himself, observing. This trip was shaping up to be a real soul searcher for him. He was experi-



menting, seeing where he fit in in the puzzle, learning. I knew what that felt like, and felt for him cause I knew you had to go through it alone. I loved the little bastid. I loved all these little lumpy creatures stretching their way toward adulthood.

Josh was walking toward me with Bugsz, Julez, and Rai from Zendik Farm. I hadn't seen them since our trip to Texas the summer before. "What the fuck are you guys doing here?"

"Selling our mag, getting the word out..." said Bugsz.

Julez jumped in. "Isn't this disgusting?"

"Hi Julez, having fun?" I asked.

"These people are so stupid and decadent. I just saw some people pissing on the side of a building, everyone is so fucked up and stoned. What kind of fun is that?"

I reserved comment. Partying is an anathema to the Zendik revolution, but I still believe in getting stupid as therapy. It was great to see them though - I dug the Zendik's energy and willingness to act on their beliefs. Running into them here seemed like a benediction.

**We started exploring the area.** Street performers, music. Eventually we made our way down to the docks, where some kind of commotion was going on. There was a kid in the muddy Mississippi, a gawky hillbilly stripped down to his boxers, who was taking bids to jump back into the freezing current. Each time, he'd fight it back and pull himself out onto the dock, skin blueing, snot caked under his nose. Cap'n Totally shot me a look, and I knew what he was thinking of. Three years earlier, our first acid trip together on Venice Beach. Fully frying, Totally went skinny dipping in the ocean. As the breakers rolled in, he raised his arms to the sky and let out some kind of war cry. It took me a minute to realize that he was yelling: FUCK ME!! I remember laughing at first, but the intensity of the act was powerful. This tiny figure in the ocean, challenging Nature in all her fury. We always referred to it as "The Night Cap'n Totally Fucked Mother Nature - And She Swallowed." And here we were again.

**It is nigh to impossible to describe** the energy, depravity, and decadence of the French Quarter during Mardi Gras. By ten o'clock the streets were a feeding frenzy. Loud mouthed jocks, regular folks, shrieking hoydens, all there, and



A swirling mass of humanity had gathered before me in the streets. Chaos. The afternoon had been heavy duty, but as the sun began to set I could see that the real perversion was just beginning. Screaming and fireworks. Great surges through the crowd as hundreds of people moved ahead as one body. I imagined trying to throw a leash on that in the name of journalism. I imagined trying to be *professional* here.

"Gimme that acid," I said to Cap'n Totally. He laughed and tore me off a lysergic cartoon character.

"Fuck structure..." I said.

"Totally."

packed elbow to elbow, drinking, pissing, and barfing openly in the streets and alleys. Bodies backed up into bars, porches and on balconies. A river of garbage ran through the gutters, the streets sticky with filth. Cops on horses mingled freely with the crowds, boozing, keeping order in a laid back fashion, busting a few heads here and there. We spread out into little groups, Josh darting about taking photos. Tanya was the designated sanity because she didn't dose.

**By midnight we had moved onto Bourbon Street, the nucleus of Mardi Gras filth.** Queens in drag, their crino-

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lines wilting in the light rain, parties spilling out onto upper balconies, a swirling vortex of booze, sex, and sweat who's heart was beating in the bowels of a bar called Jean LeFitte's. We snaked through the crowd hands held, trying not to lose each other. Locales kept shifting. Strange side trips into the live sex show bars. An aggressive search for sensation. I could feel the snaps and the burn of Josh's photo flash, my arms around my friends, my hair alive and golden and snaky to touch. The whole night was a process of becoming conscious of the energy we shared. As the trip wattage increased, we would stop and huddle together, breathing, feeling the juice between us. We had all already taken part in the surface explosion of Mardi Gras - the exorcism of psychic garbage that getting wasted permits. Tonight we were onto something different and everyone felt it. We weren't breaking ourselves down, we were consolidating our power, our friendship, and our feeling for each other. A floodgate of raw emotion. I wanted to share the thing that was in me that could not be taught, the feeling I got when I sang and danced, that I was radiating outward, articulating our group energy in the most visceral way possible, speaking in a way that my gift for the printed page could never begin to match.

Our energy was visible. The crowd allowed us a wide berth as we passed through it, our energy an unstoppable force. We played for hours with our metaphysical silly putty, going up into balconies in different bars, selecting

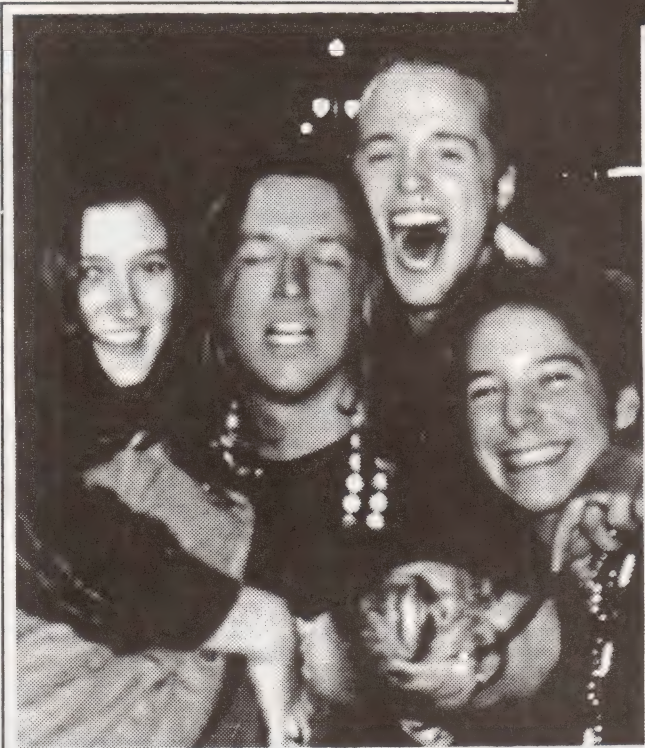
people at random and focusing on them. Without fail,

they would always turn to us, slightly confused, not knowing why they were turning, but feeling our burn, basking in it, plugging into it and adding their own colors to the mix. I was in hog heaven. I screamed my head off laughing, pulling everyone in the group to me separately and together. Tonight I could do no wrong. Gone was the awkwardness I normally felt in crowds and social functions. I felt radiant - like I was unashamedly being who I was *now*, no shit, no front, no fear. Rocking hard.

Isolated flashes...

...Screaming my head off with Tanya and Sacks on the balcony, I see Mark walking calmly through the crowd, the people parting like the Red Sea as he smiles beatifically, bestowing blessings. "MARK IS JESUS, MARK IS JESUS!"

...I had sudden complete understanding of my love for Cap'n



## Trippin' Balls...

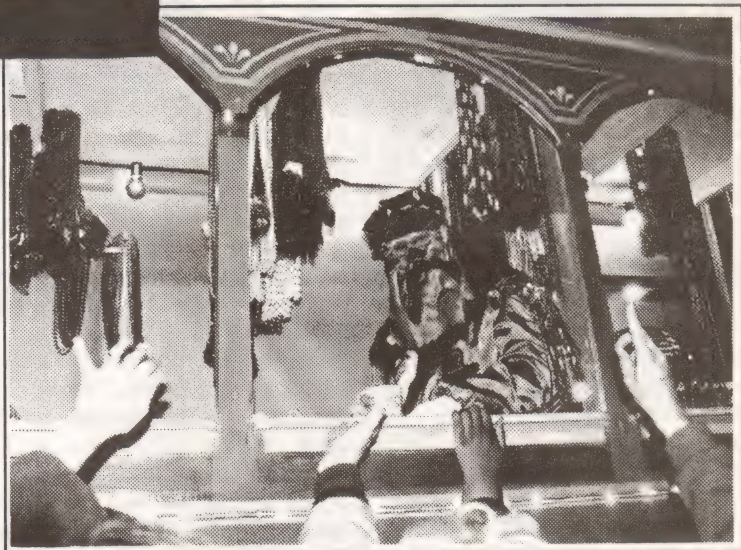
## FEEDERS!

Totally. With most people, I *thought*. When I was with the Cap'n, I felt things.

....Millet and I went off on our own trip, running through the dirty streets. I saw him, I saw through him, I saw myself at his age. The first time I met Millet he was a geeky kid with glasses and butched hair, smoking cigarettes in the faux sophisticate fashion of a college freshman. Now. Three years and life. Time spent in Israel. Sunrise in Kashmir, a girl he loved. Millet was a beautiful hippie love god now, lean and well made with chestnut mane and eyes brown and made for dreaming. We ran through the street, peak of acid cutting in, wide eye laughing til it hurt and I ached to climb inside his skin, to touch sweet chest and lanky limb. In him I saw all possibility. It was....

...Smitty and I conduct an entire conversation using only the word *beer*.

...On the balcony, I speed rap with Drew. Suddenly I hear rainfall, but it's not raining. Drew is smiling funny.





I look under the table and see that he is pissing on the floor, the liquid falling through the slats on the oblivious revelers below. "You gotta go, you gotta go..." he says.

**I caught sight of Josh from the balcony.** He was riding Big John's shoulders, taking shots of a minor riot in progress. Drunken white trash and horse mounted cops rearing high. In a twisted domino effect, a cross section of the crowd fell over, leaving Josh suspended from a street sign. I watched him kick for a minute, then hang, an I-can't-believe-this-is-happening smile crossing his face. Suddenly he looked right up at me. I gave him the finger, and toasted him with my bottle of Crazy Horse. Without missing a beat, he struggled with one arm to reach into his camera bag, finally pulling something out. I squinted through my drunken haze to see what it was. It was Felicia. I didn't hear any sound, but I knew from the searing pain in my gut that I was laughing harder than I ever had in my life. We both lost it.

And then it happened. One of those totally arbitrary moments of clarity where you go beyond peaking into some private zone where there is only silence and what is in your head. I was overwhelmed with the understanding that despite my fears, questioning, and confusion, I was on the right track after all. Why else would I be here if I wasn't? *All because Josh was hanging by one arm from a street sign with a ratty doll's head in his hand.*

I don't remember much about getting home that night. Deserted streets on the way to the car, a high wind blowing that carried stray papers down the boulevard. City workers and street people cleaning the mess up in an early a.m. mist. The silent march to our cars, not wanting this connection to end, reinforcing it with small touches and glances. Explain to me my friends the mystery of why we never need to speak out loud.

**We sat around another three buck breakfast at The Waffle House.** We were all drained in the worst way, bodies aching, voices rasping. Meat and potatoes were needed. The guys were all rapping, totally in that last burst of senior party fury before graduation, a round robin of bravura masking confusion about the future. I was feeling it myself, and I was long out of the college loop. Cap'n Totally and I finally got a moment together to talk - he laid out his plan for a multimedia entertainment empire. I wasn't worried about the Cap'n - he could do anything he put his mind to, and as Josh astutely put it, he was heading straight for six figures. I thought about all the adventures we'd had together. We were not the people we had been three years earlier - in that time I'd seen him grow from pupil to peer, and our relationship into something more meaningful than any friendship I'd ever had. As much as I loved him, I was jealous of his focus and commitment. I couldn't help but think my friend knew some secret I didn't.



**Drunk, in drag, and unable to piss in public...**  
*with Miche and Barb*

We went back to the hotel and the long round of goodbyes. Cap'n Totally and I embraced again before he boarded the bus.

"Get ready for this summer, dick..."

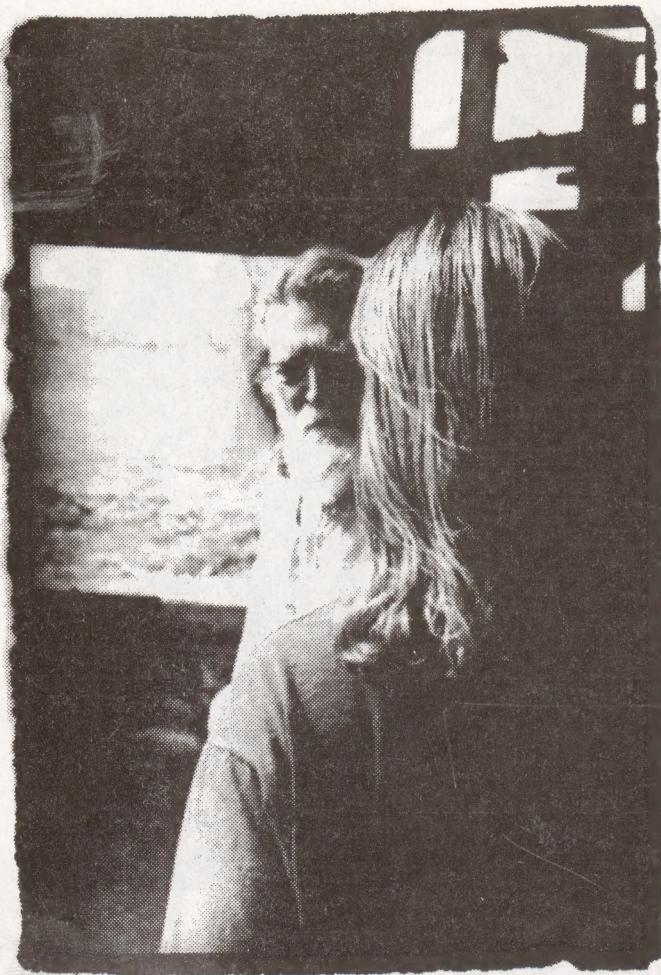
"Totally..."

I wondered if he knew I had no clue what I was doing with my life.



**Kirby, The Amazing David Catching, and Mark**





We split our now familiar surroundings, knowing what lay ahead of us. The path to N'Awlins had been rife with adventure and mystery. Our return was certain to be a catalog of poverty and problems with Josh's increasingly temperamental car - not to mention the job hunts that awaited each of us at the other end. We started things off with a bang by getting lost for an hour trying to find the Interstate. Tempers flaring, caffeine withdrawal headaches. Finally, we stopped to ask directions from a lady cop who was coming out of the Piggly Wiggly market. "Jus' folla me, baby, I'll git you there..." She looked at our mascot on the dashboard, and smiled. "My daughter got a doll look like that..." "Oh yeah? What's your daughter's name?" "Felicia..." She opened her car door and got in. I looked at Josh. "No way our lives, dude..."

By the next morning, we were plowing through Texas. I was dog tired, too partied out to drive, the hours stretching into one annoying and blinding mass. Josh and I were ready to strangle each other. We were too much alike to be at such close quarters for so long, and the tension was deadly. Mark managed to keep the peace simply by

his presence. On the spur of the moment, I took the offramp to Bastrop, many hours out of the way.

"What're you doing, man?" asked Josh through clenched teeth.

"Gotta see my guru..."

Zendik Farm had changed a lot since we'd last seen it. New buildings, fresh coats of paint. New faces. Josh and I were received warmly this time, also a change. Our original visit had been one of mutual suspicion - us wondering if they were some group of wackos, them wondering if we were out to do a hatchet job. Turns out we were all pleased with the outcome (See NS #7), and we'd kept in touch regularly since. We waited out by the "treehouse", the patchwork domicile that housed Wulf Zendik, auteur of the Zendik revolution, and his lady, Arol. For whatever reason, I just had to see and speak to Wulf. Eventually he came out of the house dressed in a loose shirt and pants, looking much healthier than he had the previous summer, tan and fit.

Che Guevara gene spliced with Kris Kringles. "How are you doing, man?" I said, embracing him.

He squeezed my elbows. "I'm going to have my cock operated on..."

I don't know what I wanted him to say, but that sure as fuck wasn't it.

Arol piped up: "Wulf's having bladder trouble..."

"Bullshit! I'm going to have my foreskin lengthened..." he deadpanned. "Great piece you did, by the way. Best thing done on us by the media."

"Thanks, man..."

He still held on to my elbows, staring at me intently. Here it comes, I thought.

"Well, see ya kiddo..."

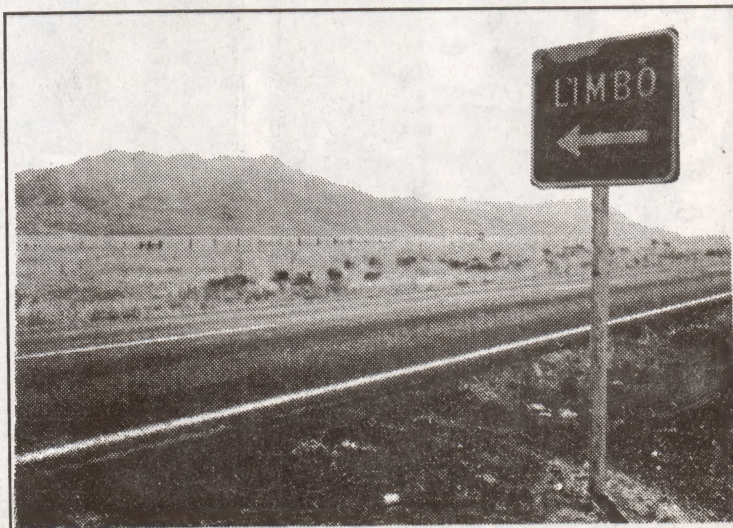
I stood there as he walked away to the dusty Zendik station wagon. What was this shit? I had expected some great bonding mo-

ment, an earthshaking meeting of warriors. Wulf would intuitively understand my unsettled state of mind and convey the magic words needed to illuminate my path. A great movie moment, the kind that that shit huckster Spielberg would cream his pants over. Wulf stuck his head out the car window. "Hey! You know what the Doctor's name is? Richard Choppe. *Dick Choppe!*" The car started up, and they were off. Gotta go on, gotta keep going. Here endeth the lesson.

It took another two days of no sleep, bad coffee, and brooding to reach L.A. Despite all my surface confusion, deep down I had known what the problem was all along. I was running. From responsibility, from moving ahead, from all of it. I hadn't had a big enough draught of my adolescence and I was greedy for more. I wanted hair down to my ass and a 24 hour hard on for the rest of my life. Time. How to hold onto the child without being childish; how to age without becoming an old fart. I thought of that snotty nosed kid in the Mississippi, all raw energy and nerve, screaming out that he was young and invincible. Time was his *bitch*. I still knew what that felt like.

The sun was starting to set through the haze, igniting another one of those noxious So Cal sunsets. Soon I'd be in Hollywood with its gang-style sneaker wars, dopey beatnik cafes, and people who looked like they never took a shit. I hated it, but I kept coming back everytime, like iron to the magnet. Mark suddenly piped up from the back, "I don't want to lose this feeling." Thank you Maestro, you hit the nail on the head. Softly, I turned Felicia around on the dash so that she faced our destination.

I was home again, looking for New Orleans.



P. Krayna



# A **M**ANSON BODY? In 7 Days...

My method of **DYNAMIC TENSION** starts giving you results you can feel and your followers will notice. Big, useful ideas. Take a good honest look at yourself. Are you proud of your spirituality - or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be? No matter how ashamed you are of your present mental condition - or how old or young you are - the sleeping mind already present in your head can turn you into a **REAL** man!! Believe me, I know - because I was once a skinny, scrawny 97 lb. half alive weakling. People used to laugh at my mind, and make fun of me. I was ashamed to strip for sports or the beach...shy of girls...afraid of healthy competition.

## HOW I CHANGED FROM A 97 LB. WEAKLING TO A REAL MAN!

One day, I discovered a secret that changed me from a timid, frightened scarecrow into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" - a "magic formula" that can help turn you too into a marvelous physical specimen...a **REAL** man from head to toe...a man who **STANDS OUT** in any crowd! What's my secret? **DYNAMIC TENSION**, the natural method! No theory, no gadgets or contraptions. You just do as I did. Supply the "sleeping" mind already present inside your head - build it up - use in everyday living out in public, behind bars, and even in front of the media! Almost before you know it, you're covered by a spiritual, rock hard **SOLID MIND**!

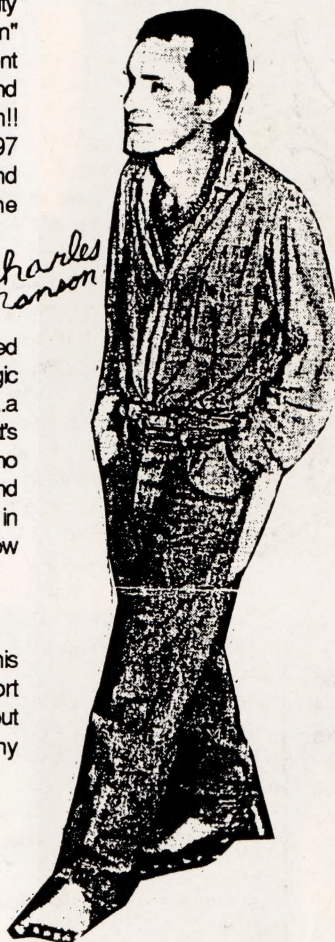
## SEND FOR A FREE BOOK - A 7 DAY TRIAL OFFER!

So sure of how fast **DYNAMIC TENSION** works that I make this offer to you...Try my course for 7 days and in even that short period of time you will have results that you can not only feel, but your followers will notice, or it costs you nothing. Send for my **FREE BOOK**!

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...THEN MAIL THIS NOW!			
<b>HERE'S WHAT I WANT...</b> <input type="checkbox"/> SUPERIOR BRAINS <input type="checkbox"/> BLUE & RED <input type="checkbox"/> POPULARITY <input type="checkbox"/> GARBAGE DUMP <input type="checkbox"/> THE FAMILY	<b>CHARLES MANSON</b> Spahn Ranch Death Valley Ca.. SHOW ME NOW... NAME.....AGE..... ADDRESS..... CITY & STATE.....ZIP.....		
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